Miam.
Hyde Park Gate
1903 ?

NYPL

66B0299

Wook
[Diary]
June 30 - Oct 1, 1903?

INDEX.

A Dance in Queens Gate 1.
Thoughts upon Social Success 9.
A Garden Dance 16
An expedition to Hampton Court 23
An Artistic party. 33
The Country in London. 37
Earls Court 43
Lucy Cage 49.
An afternoon with the Papers 56
Retrospect 61
Netherhampton House. 67
Wilton – from outside the Walls 71
The Water Meadows 76.
The Downs 82
Salisbury Cathedral 85
An Evening Service 89.
Wilton from Inside 92
The Talk of Sheep 98
Stonehenge 102.
The Wilton Carpet Factory 110
Romsey Abbey 117
Life in the Fields 120
Stonehenge again 122
The beginning of the Storm 126
Country Reading 127
The Storm 131
Wilton Fair 137
Out of the Window 142
London. 144
The Serpentine 149

A dance in Queens Gate

About two hours ago, when I went to bed, I heard what I took to be signs of merrymaking in the mews. A violin squeaked, there was a noise of loud voices & laughter. It reminded me how once, as a child, I woke at dead of night. it seemed to me - & or I suppose really & heard strange & horrible music as of a midnight barrel organ, ~~in the~~ & was so frightened that I had to crawl to the cot next mine for sympathy. But I am too old for that kind of blind terror; my critical mind when awake enough to think at all about it, decided that the fiddle squeaking &c. was token of a ball - not in our street - but in Queens Gate - the tall row of houses that makes a background to the mews.

The music grew so loud, so rhythmic - as the night drew on & the London roar lessened, that I threw up my window, leant out into the cool air, & saw the illuminating which told surely from what house the music came.

how I have been listening for an hour. The music stops - I hear the chatter, the light laughter of womens voices - the deeper notes of festive males. I can almost see the couples wandering out from the ball rooms to the balconies which are starred with small lamps. They look straight across the mews to me. The music has begun again - oh dear - the swing & the lilt of that waltz makes me almost feel as though I could jump from my bed & dance it too. That is the quality which dance music has - & no other: it stirs the some barbaric instinct ~~in Gon~~ - lulled asleep in our sober lives - ~~we~~ Gon forgetty centuries of civilisation in a second - & yields to that strange passion which sends ~~me~~ Gon madly whirling round the room - oblivious of everything save that Gon must keep swaying with the music - in & out, round & round - in the eddies & swirls of the violins. His as though some swift current of water swept Gon along with it. His magic music. Here the bars run low, passionate, regretful.

NYPL

but always in the same pulse We dance as though we knew the vanity of dancing, we dance to drown our sorrows – but dance dance – If you stop you are lost. This one night we will be mad – dance lightly – raise our hearts as the beat strengthens grows buoyant – careless, defiant, what matters anything so long as every step is in time – so long as one's whole body & mind are dancing too – What shall end it?

Then comes in the very height of the rhythm, some strange solitary ~~stroke~~ sound – that does not belong to the tune – no violin wails with that voice – nor is it the speech of triumphant trumpet – no – it falls not discordantly – but as though dropped from another world & time – the solitary stroke <u>one</u>

A church is tolling. It says just this single thing – very deliberately, not raising its voice above the music, but nevertheless it stands out pure, quite distinct. The whirling waltz has not drowned it. Has no power over it. The dance quickens – towards the end – winds up with a flourish – the

dancers are left reeling about – gasping laughing – all pressing to get out into the cool. I hear their voices clamouring again – some one laughs very loud – the voices reach me quite distinct though I cannot hear the words. Well! – I am sitting out my dances – or I enjoy it.

Behold, I am tired of the noise & the chatter – I lie back on my pillows – turn out my light; I lie in the cool & look out through my open window. In a moment if I choose, I need think no more of the dancers – I am looking into the awful night sky – It is so thick tonight that not a star shows – The same sky stretches round the world, I think – But the moon again! Brave little mortals fiddling & dancing beneath it! Besides lying here I see something that pleases me.

There is a great glass skylight under which I suppose the dancers are ~~feasting~~ drinking champagne & devouring quails – At any rate there is a brilliant light behind it – It is like some transparent yellow globe in the night air. And from my bed I see the

leaves of a tree outlined against it. I don't know why it is but this incongruity – the artificial lights, the music – the talk – & then the sweet tree standing out there – is fantastic & ~~pleasant~~ attracts me considerably. But the music again! I am getting tired I confess. I can no longer dance in spirit – nor I fancy do the fiddlers fiddle with that gaiety with which they started. After all they are not inspired Gods, calling men to a more joyous & passionate existence – a dance which shall last through life & into eternity – they are pale, perhaps corpulent men, who fiddle thus every ~~day~~ night of ~~their lives~~ the week – fiddle till 3 o'clock every morning, & long for their glass of beer & the last dance on the programme. They fiddle every night, & it is part of their business to strike up ~~they~~ – to courageously & freely – to lash their bows across their strings, as though the God himself were in their veins. The waltz drags a little – the pulse

wants vigour – & listen – the church tolls again –
One – two –
The clock is in no hurry – it can wait its time – no waltzer without waltz it –
But those fiddlers – my thoughts ~~which begin to tire~~ go back to them. There is something green in the notion. they fiddle every night – the same tunes probably, but only once for the same dancers. They dont believe much in their fiddling & its wonderful properties.
It earns them very little in hard cash, I dare say – & yet night after night they sit in their corner, & set couples dancing in mazes all round them. – send hot thoughts coursing through their brains – make men & women dream of love & freedom & life moving in rhythm & waltz magic –
But these fiddlers dont believe a word of it They look out with weary disillusioned eye – no need to look at their mazes – They know that by heart, & the dancers too. Still they must stick to it. As long as people

will dance, they must play. They are the only people - save a weary dowager with rheumatism in her back - who are really content when the final note of the dance is sounded. & the whole party falls back from the ecstasies of the waltz into more or less commonplace life. I can see them leaning back in their chairs, & hiding their yawns, which they know to be quite out of keeping with God. & fumbling with their watches. The music again! I begin to think someone has wound up this weary waltz & it will go on at intervals all thro' the night. ~~long~~ Nobody is dancing in time to it now I am sure - or they dance as pale phantoms. because so long as the music sounds they must dance - no help for them - surely the music that seemed to ebb before, has gathered strength - it sounds louder & louder - it swings faster & faster - no one can stop dancing now. They are sucked in by the music. And how weary they look - pale men - fainting women

crumpled silks & trampled flowers. They are no longer masters of the dance - it has taken possession of them - And all joy & life has left it - & it is diabolical - a twisting livid serpent, writhing in cold sweat & agony, & crushing the frail dancers in its contortions.
What has brought about the change?
It is the dawn.
At last I stop writing, & look again at the sky. It is now a quarter to three. I said it was dark & tragic before - now it is more terrible. For the sky is deathly pale - but ~~it is~~ alive: it is very chaste & very pure - the ~~ice cold~~ breeze ~~is~~ is icy cold, as though it blew off fields the sun has never warmed - The dawn is folding the world in its pure morning kiss of salutation. No lamplight can burn in this radiance of that whiteness - no music can sound in the pause of that awful silence.
The Dance is over.

15th July Thoughts upon Social Success

The 'season' dies hard. I calculate that for every one party that we go to, the average young lady goes to five: she has been out every night then both this week & last. Our parties are rather miscellaneous: it seems to me that I generally dont know my hostess — one night she is an obscure lady in Addison Road — another she lives in Bruton Street, & has a name to correspond. In either case I feel rather stranger, & inclined to be absent minded. I look round the room, see nobody there I know, & forget what one says next. Do not get was a very typical entertainment. I can only comfort myself when I think of our social peculiarities by reflecting that we have this in common with the women of the world we are equally at home everywhere — (not at all that is to say) & we are confined to no one set in particular. This explains why it is usual for us to come into a room, & after shaking hands with our hostess, sit

silent all the rest of the evening. We always seem to be ~~the~~ outsiders where everybody else is intimate. This is not really so of course: the truth is that we have not, or have not cultivated, what one calls the 'social gift' Now most young women, on our way of life have specialized in this branch of learning. Their evenings are more important to them than their mornings - indeed I ~~much puzzled~~ find it hard to conceive on them in the morning. Do they in truth exist before the clock strikes eight? my private belief is that the dinner bell calls them into existence - they spring up all over the drawing room like hyacinths in June. By daybreak they are faded - a little crumpled perhaps - never mind - they fold themselves in sleep - to wake once more when the sun is set. Now I find this very beautiful & attractive but always a little puzzling. Has she a stalk or a body - is she clothed in silk & gauze or are they flower petals that

NYPL

there on her? Above all, what does she talk about? I see her lips move – Honey drops from between them apparently. ~~at any rate some~~ their ~~attractive very sweet~~. But I know that I shall never hear what she says – If I come by she is silent – she folds all her petals closely round her; she might indeed be some flower one brushes past by night. Not a word on this do I write with ~~other than pure~~ any but an ~~admiration~~ entirely admiring purpose.

And dropping all imagery, the sight of a drawing room full of people, all practically unknown to one, does give one a very queer feeling.

I protest that I do most honestly admire such scraps of society as I have seen – even though I myself take no part in it –

I might for instance, it is literal truth that our hostess & one gentleman we were introduced to as we left, were the only people we spoke to while we stayed. That seems proof that we are not 'successful'

I do not know that that success is beyond our reach, if we ever take the trouble to

work for it - but at this moment it is certainly very far from us. All the same I can sit by & watch with pure delight those who are adepts at the game. Success is always able to move my admiration; & really no success seems so rounded & complete as this ~~social~~ that wh. is won in the drawing room success. If the game requires infinitely delicate skill, & the prize is ~~of~~ the ~~most refined~~ subtlest possible. ~~I cannot altogether defend myself, but I feel that to play the social game really well demands great qualities; it is very rarely played well.~~ All achievement is coarse beside it: ~~I have often you may be able to build a bridge but or make a poem - but all the same you can fail when all the same when not mean at all - but certainly coarse.~~ To be socially great, I believe, is a really noble ambition - for consider what it means. You have, for a certain space of time to realise as nearly

as can be, an ideal. You must consciously try to carry out in your conduct ~~the~~ what is implied by your clothes; they are silken - of the very best make - only to be worn with the greatest care, on occasions such as these. They are meant to please the eyes of others - to make you something more brilliant than you are by day. This seems to me a good ~~one~~ ideal. You come to a party meaning to give pleasure; therefore you leave your sorrows & worries at home - for the moment, remember, we are all dressed in silk - without sorrow or bother that is - more than that, you must be prepared to be actively happy: ~~say something~~ if you talk it must be at least to express pleasure at something: better still if you can, say something amusing: seriousness is just as much out of place here as an old serge skirt. For two or three hours a number of people have resolved to show only their silken side to one another: Heaven knows the other may be anything but

silk. but tonight it is ignored. Men & women living ordinary lives surely have their share of woes; to look at them though you would never guess it. They bow & touch hands gracefully; their faces all look pleased & animated. The talk is very swift & skimming: it is not part of the game to go deep: that might be dangerous. All this a moralist might say, is very artificial. Major So & So laughs as though he hadn't a care in the world: we know very well that he can't pay his butchers bill. Mrs. Thingemajig is more amusing than ever tonight – didn't she lose an only son in the war? – & so on – It is easy to conclude that society is hollow – that the men & women who make it are heartless – but I believe there is another side to the picture. ~~It is likely that half the people here~~ It strikes me that that mythical major ~~does a plucky thing when he~~ is a

have man to stand there & ~~talk nonsense~~ laugh at other peoples jokes ~~when~~ with his belly (most immorally) all unpaid. He deserves that a grateful country should pay them for him, ~~I think~~ – And the lady — you may call her heartless – but surely she does more good by making the world laugh than by sitting ~~alone~~ at home & weeping over her own sorrows ~~by herself~~. The truth is, to be successful socially one wants the courage of a hero – ~~or a heroine~~ – There is nothing really so desperately difficult ~~in the world~~ ~~in this world~~, I am sure, as laughter – The whole pressure of the world is to make you take things seriously.

~~The~~ Most of us think ourselves very virtuous for falling in obediently with its scheme. We go to church – to funerals – to sickbeds ~~&c &c~~ far more willingly than to marriages & festivals – ~~It is a luxury~~ It is a luxury to most people to express their emotions – Society ~~exists as~~ is the most bracing ~~tonic~~ antidote ~~there is~~ for this kind of thing: To be successful I think one must be a stoic with a heart

30th June. A Garden Dance.

Last night I leant out of my window & took part in a dance which was being carried on with great vigour in the Queen's flat. I have just come back from a real dance — in which I joined in the orthodox fashion. Honestly I enjoyed my window dance the most. To begin with for this dance one has to be properly dressed — & that is a penance — while last night I could lie with my nightgown open & my hair tumbled over my forehead as it is at this moment. I often think of that famous painter who would only work in her Court dress — or kept different dresses for different occasions. Though I hate putting on my fine clothes, I know that when they are on I shall have invested myself at the same time with a certain social demeanour — I shall be ready to talk about the floor & the weather & other frivolities — which I consider platitudes in my nightgown. A fine dress makes you artificial — ready for lights &

music - ready to accept that artificial view of life which is presented to one in a ball room - life seen by electric light & washed down by champagne. The Phillimores who gave the dance, have lately moved into a very spacious house on the top of Camden Hill. It has one of the largest gardens in London I believe - It is a white looking house, easily made beautiful or picturesque had one a taste that way - But the Phillimores have aimed rather at comfortable solidity. Their walls are ornate crimson - they are fond of painting over large flat surfaces in distemper of a worthy green. In two of the bedrooms, where we took our cloaks off; I noticed a crucifix nailed at the head of the bed. That is characteristic. But it is of dancing that I am going to write. We had the usual struggle to force ourselves ~~into~~ through the doorway - we squeezed a stout ~~smiling~~ ladies hand - she bade us welcome with a smile which had already spent itself on fifty others & would have to do duty for an hour more to come - & we found ourselves shoved well into a thick

knot of human beings. They were all pressing hard against each others backs & fronts – trying to say how d'y do – trying to introduce each other – penially trying to seize arms & waists & hurl each other thus excited into the waltzing centre of the room. A small centre only was in a state of circular motion; from a little distance the dancers looked pacifically like a flies struggling in a dish of sticky liquid. We crossed the room slowly, because we had to move, & reached the windows. Here we stopped & looked about us, with the cynical coolness of youth just a little excited, & determined not to show its agitation. But indeed there was little to ~~excite~~ agitate the most youthful. No sight in the whole world is so ugly & depressing as a room full of people none of whom you know. You at once conclude that they are remarkably ugly or remarkably dull – or remarkably ill dressed. At any rate you lump them together under some common head. This is just what I did to night, feeling pleasantly detached, & able to criticise the antics of my

NYPL

fallows from a cool distance
Walk - they didn't last long. Soon a middle aged
gentleman, a little stout with an elderly
sensible air came up to us. I remembered
him with difficulty - & then he suggested as
a sensible thing to do that we should walk
round the garden - There was no wish on
either side to dance, had it been possible.
So I followed him out in to the grass - He
was a companion who let one take in
deliberate impressions without disturbing one to
talk or listen - He sauntered along by my
side, not, I think, altogether silent, but
evidently without exerting himself to think of
anything to say. I looked about & talked
if something happened to strike me. If it
had been a shade warmer, it would have
been perfect - but the garden was got too
chilly - the grass a little too damp. The
graceful ladies held up their dresses rather
nervously instead of letting them sweep
like peacocks tails. All the same it

way a very vague & graceful scene. Chinese lanterns hung in globes of different colours from all the bushes - dotted ~~upon~~ about promiscuously over the ground. These gave a little light; floods of light, laughter, & dance music of course, poured out of the house. Again I noticed that strange blending of the two lights - the pale light of the sky & the ~~the~~ yellow light of lamps & candles both together illuminating green ~~grass~~ leaves & grass. It is makes a curious unreal effect. We strolled sedately all round the garden, then turned back & found comfortable seats near the house. It was characteristic of our life a life that we comfortably chose seats from which we could watch the rest of the party. We had so very little to say to each other: what we did say was mostly of an external nature, prompted by the lights & sounds going on around us. I was thoroughly content to lie in an arm chair & watch the ladies in their light dresses pass & repass - come floating out of the windows & settling in cascades of lace & silk down

the Hope. It was like some French painting. All the time there went on a light ripple of talk & ~~laughter~~ voices. Nobody came near enough to bother us with actual words. My companion was a thaig utsoward plain spoken man; exactly what he seemed to be (really Director of the Bank of England I discover) cool silent satisfactory – excellent garden company. At last he said with half a yawn, entirely polite though not in the least courteous, that he must go – He left me safe in the drawing room again.

I found myself with Gerald, whose appetite for dancing is no longer keen: he prefers to act the part of benevolent Uncle to the company – which he does not unsuccessfully, & such a character is always popular.

The dancing space was smaller than ever, the contortions of the dancers more laborious. If half the people who had come had chosen to dance, the room would have been a solid block. But the garden received the overflow – the

refreshment tables there were already full. Gerald, I discovered, takes a very decidedly interested state in the supper part of a dance - He became quite energetic when this grand question needed to be settled - where we were to sup, & what we were to eat. He secured two excellent seats & sent waiters flying quarts & champagne, just as though he sat in his usual corner of the Savoy & had his own private waiter to attend to him.

I had fixed one as the limit of our stay - enforcing it all way in the cab with desperation but not much hope. But to my surprise we had no difficulty in leaving - there was really no inducement to stay. Our fourwheeler was soon drawn up at the door, & we stily left coolly appreciative but nothing more. Now I open my book of astronomy dream of the stars a little, & so to sleep -

An Expedition to Hampton Court. 5th July

Most Londoners have travelled in Italy – Turkey or Greece – they run to Paris or Holland almost for the week end – but, judging from my experience, the immediate neighbourhood of London today is an unexplored land. On their map it might be marked blank like certain districts of Africa. It is sober the truth that though I have lived my life in London I have only once visited Hampton Court, Kew, Richmond, Hampstead. I know a trifle more familiarly perhaps – Various causes make it easier to go anywhere almost than to the suburbs of London. You have to make a days expedition; no one that I am aware ever sleeps at Kew or Hampton Court – They are essentially places which you visit between trains. You find yourself with a summer afternoon to spare – bethink you that you really ought to know these places a little better, & then, once in a dozen years ~~find yourself~~ at

NYPL

you find yourself much to your surprise walking in the Gardens at Kew or heading the maze at Hampton Court. I am always surprised - pleasantly surprised to find myself there. Nevertheless I lid grass slide, - bear me to all quarters of England, before I go there again. The summer afternoon never comes - anyhow you spend it in the gardens which lie at your gates. This occurs to me because today we have actually achieved the task: we have been to Hampton Court - It is true we planned the journey for a fear - twelve perhaps will pass before we set about to plan another - but I write today with absolutely first hand knowledge. my information is crammed from no guide book or travellers tales. I have seen what I describe with my own eyes.

We started, then, at 11. The journey to Hammersmith really presents no scene worthy of description; besides it is comparatively backneyed ground. It matter one has left

Hammersmith that one enters strange land. The street begins to look far more like a village street; the houses are of far more individual character, & they have ~~have~~ space in which to expand. But yet it has mark of belonging - of being a distant though poor connection of a great town. You get an impression that the more respectable classes of London have retired here to pass their old age ~~more~~ with greater dignity & peace than they can afford inside London itself. Piety has retired here too; I counted a surprising number of convents & sisterhoods as we went along: once or twice to my pleasure I could look down into their cloistered grounds & see the sisters themselves walking there - once I spied into the garden of an orphanage for Roman Catholic little girls. The children were all marched in two & two, following a dark sister in some kind of profession, & they all, for what reason I do

know, wore wreaths of white flowers round their heads — an innocent sight truly, as one passes. Then one began to catch glimpses of the River through steep little alleys which opened out on the main road, & once we came upon a whole flot of barges moored together for the holiday rest as we past over the bridge. The picturesque bargeman was removing a week's ~~&c~~ coal grime on deck — his head buried in a basin, & white with lather. This was in Brentford I think, but to tell the truth I have no notion what villages we past through or in what they came. They were not separated from each other, though originally as distinct as London from Birmingham. Nevertheless there were very few new buildings. Most must have been 60 or 70 years old I should think, & a common type was the pleasant square Georgian house. This must originally have stood in a space of its own, I am sure; Georgian houses were built for opulent people, who could afford light & air — At any rate the whole road

NYPL

to Hampton Court which it took us an hour & a half to travel, was well worth looking at. At half past one, at last, we reached our journeys end. In a moment we were walking the broad terrace of the Palace Garden. My one visit ten years ago, had not left in my mind any adequate picture of the beauty & grace of this old Garden. I had forgotten too the rich red of the dark red palace itself. At first I felt simply inclined to pace slowly up & down the terrace & let my eye rest first on the smooth turf lit by brilliant flowers, then on the perfectly satisfying shape of the palace. But it was cold, & we were hungry, & somewhat to our surprise, half London apparently had had the same idea of visiting Hampton Court at the same day & hour as we had. The terrace & the turf which I felt right only to have been peopled by ladies in brocades & gentlemen in knee breeches & swords, swarmed with a very different class of person — perhaps more

NYPL

more than their ancestors of Charles 2nd's time, but in penalty for it far less ornamental. I could not help regretting the improvement in morality. I wished again & again – & did the whole crowd go, I dare say, that I could have had those gardens to myself. They are meant for peace & luxurious meditation. We lunched – with our fellows – Everywhere we went it occurred to several dozen other ~~dozens~~ to go too. I must retract what I said to begin with – that Cockneys don't go to Hampton Court. But doing our best to think ourselves alone we strolled through the quadrangles after lunch. They are, I imagine, perfect of their kind: Oxford & Cambridge can show no better. Absolutely no alliation, no restoration, as far as one can see, has touched these old buildings since the careful hand of the Architect laid stone to stone. The difficulty was – not to imagine Charles ~~2nd~~ & Nell Gwynn idling there with voluptuous Court ladies lounging after them, but to remember that ~~we~~ who

walked there were absurdly & monstrously out of place. We paced the galleries. Here indeed the illusion so strong on one in the courts & gardens & gave way almost entirely. These beautiful old Adar ~~lined~~ lined rooms which run all round the quadrangle have had their walls so papered with pictures that their domestic character has disappeared. Some of the paintings indeed are first rate - some bad - but good or bad they make the place into a public gallery where one goes prepared to take in instruction & pleasure, catalogue in hand. The rooms indeed have their old uses inscribed on them - Queens Bedroom - Queens private drawing room - Kings ante-chamber &c - but it is not possible to reconstruct them in your mind as they were then. Get Henry the 8th walked here - & the little Edward the Sixth was brought here to die, ~~it~~ I think, & wits & beauties without end have past through

these rooms, all of which one might have revered in one's mind, if the old chairs & tables had been left in their places.
After we had done our duty here we spent an hour or so wandering through the gardens again, finding our way down to the lake side where we lay & watched an appropriate pair of anglers. They, like a sundial, are absolutely essential in a picture of this kind; the fish is never caught, the angler dreams away the whole length of the golden hours — that is a pursuit which like the registering of sun beams, belongs to a less machine driven, & sunnier age than ours.
But we had overstayed our time already. It seemed absurd to be bound by ties to made ~~in such~~ so far away — almost in such a different age, but long ago in London we had promised to come home for the tea. That was impossible. If we strolled peacefully back, we should return in time for dinner. Most of our companions had exhausted

their interest in Hampton Court. They had had an outing which they had enjoyed energetically, & were now eager to get home again. We had the darkening garden almost to ourselves as we walked across it, but in the dusk we could see one or two dignified figures moving up & down the terrace as we passed. It was impossible to mistake them. They were no cockney trippers making the whole place hideous with their noise & cockney faces: no, these ladies are part of the palace. They belong to it. It is admirably appropriate I think ~~to set apart this old palace as a background for our aged aristocracy.~~ that our aged aristocracy which finds no home in the bustling town, should retire to spend its last days ~~here~~ or in this old Palace ~~with its~~ full of traditions of ancient splendour ~~& city~~. splendour even more beautiful I should think in its mellow age than in the ~~day of~~ its prime. These old ladies with their great names & bent old bodies

stay in my mind as the very spirit of the place. which we ~~the~~ surprised ~~A~~ haunting the walks by Dark. Here they dwindle out their old age, ~~full of dign~~ as in some Royal almshouse. No retirement could be sweeter or more dignified than to this Palace by the Thames.

I myself anticipate my age in the Delight with which I contemplate spending it thus!

1st July. An Artistic party.

Again we took cab tonight & drove through the populous streets which look their safest about this hour. We had four large cards for the Academy Soirée – an entertainment unique, I should think, of its kind. The courtyard in which Edward the Black Prince stand was packed with carriages cabs & motor cars. So that it was almost difficult to fit in & find one's way round the edge to the large door. The Academy is a gloomy great place, even on its festive nights. You take off your cloak in a kind of catacomb, damp, with stone arches. The little urbane President, already looking a trifle bored, pressed our hands perfunctorily & we passed on into the great rooms. This crowd I say, has a character of its own.

Every other person you feel must be distinguished: the men wear a surprising number of decorations – Bath ribbons & stars & all kinds of humble orders – so we decided when we saw their dress clothers (a rude test of merit!)

The women, as though to atone for their want of definite orders, dress up in the oddest ways. We found some queer specimens. Here was a ~~high~~ stuffy black dress, somehow suggestive of high tea & bagles; here the artistic temperament had gone to the other extreme, & left bare a good deal of the person which is usually covered. But the most usual figure was the typical artist, or artists wife – clingy liberty silks: outlandish ornaments – a strange dusky type of face. Of course there were too others like ordinary, or no particular description. Still I could have been well content to take my evenings pleasure in observation merely. I was constantly starting at some face well known in photograph or caricature suddenly fronting me in the life. I was constantly wishing to point – with extended forefinger – at some delicious discovery, male or female, till they were too frequent to need remark —

It is not a party at which one talks. The conditions are somehow adverse. The great rooms indeed are full, but you never rid your mind of the public gallery feeling — & certainly the light & space are not becoming. The crowd as a whole looks badly dressed, & moves awkwardly. Its units never seem to dissolve & melt ~~into one whole~~ together. We drifted about, gazing at human pictures mostly, with snatches of desultory talk. We ~~gaped~~ looked with admiration at those Ladies, who are the high aristocrats of such gatherings as these — who know the Resident & all the more distinguished academicians. Their demeanour is beautiful. Exquisite in old lace & most refined evening gowns they know well that they are the Queens of the gathering. What they are, everyone else desires to be — at least this evening. They bear names as famous in the world of art as Russell & Cavendish in the world of fashion. I am always impressed by the splendid superiority of these artist men & women

HYPL

over their Philistine brethren. They are so thoroughly convinced that mankind is divided into two classes, one of which wears amber beads & low evening collars – while the other follows the fashion. Each thanks God that ~~they happen~~ it is not as the other to be different from the other – but the artist is the more intolerant. We must have past through all the rooms, & we began to feel tired of human faces.

At cab home again! down the brilliant changing Piccadilly, now thoroughly awake, as though it had slept all day. The wood pavement in the heat gets beaten to a shiny & hard surface, which at night reflects the lamp light almost as though it were wet.

Home very sleepy, & to bed.

NYPL

The Country in London.

I forsee that one day I shall write a book of maxims - like a Frenchwoman. I often think of things that sound to me remarkably like what in English we call 'Thoughts'
But mine have this drawback - they are very obvious - a little false - & after all where will one sentence lead you?
All the thoughts maxims &c &c. which we see so laboriously printed & translated from one language to another as though no one ~~people must present the other with their~~ literature could be selfish enough to keep these treasures for itself - ah! I say, have only one moment of legitimate life. I can imagine that they sound well at a dinner table - go off with an unobtrusive pop, as of dexterous little crackers - But they won't blow up anything, or do much in the way of illumination. I am sorry that I began to write this page - I forget now where it was to lead me, or why

NYPL

I chose this circuitous path.
Well, I say, we are getting ready for Salisbury — Heaven knows what that has to do with maxims! The pleasantest part of going anywhere almost is the thought of it beforehand. I am laying in books. That is what I mean by getting ready — I collect books on all conceivable subjects & sew together paper books like this I write in — thick enough to hold all the maxims in the world. I delight to plan what I shall read this summer — I believe I begin putting aside books in my mind, to read in the summer, about October. Shakespeare for instance & the Bible — Then the time really comes, & I actually take a bit of paper & write Homer, Dante, Burkes Speeches &c &c. upon it. I feel already as though I had read some way in these books & profited greatly. I get the volumes together — lay them out on my table, & think gallingly

that all that thickness of paper will be passed through my mind. I wish I felt sure I would have any impression there. but that is a doubt I put far from me, before I begin. It is quite true that I read more during these 8 weeks in the Country than in six London months perhaps. Learning seems natural to the Country. I think I could go on browsing & munching steadily through all kinds of books as long as I lived at Salisbury say. The London atmosphere is too hot - too fretful. I read - then I lay down the book - & say - what right have I, a woman to read all these things that men have done? They would laugh if they saw me. But I am going to forget all that in the Country. This summer holiday has always - almost - been a very happy time - I imagine that it is the nearest kind of thing to happiness that any of us get - not being a very cheerful race. We settle into a very free out of doors life - We are very full of talk & family jokes

family life, as a very independent kind, such as suits us four self willed young animals only really flourishes in the country. But this is not what I meant to write.
I read a great deal, I say: all the big books I have read I have read in the country. Besides this I write — with greater ease, at times, than ever in London. But the books are the things that I enjoy — on the whole — most. I feel sometimes for hours together as though the physical stuff of my brain were expanding — larger & larger — throbbing quicker & quicker with new blood — & there is no more delicious sensation than this. I read some history: it is suddenly all alive, branching forwards & backwards & connected with every kind of thing that seemed entirely remote before. I seem to feel Napoleons influence in our quiet evenings in the garden for instance — I think I see for a moment how our minds are all

threaded together - how any live mind today is ~~sense~~ & of the very same stuff as Plato's & Euripides. It is only a continuation & development of the same thing - It is this common mind that binds the whole world together; & all the world is mind. Then I read a poem say - & the same thing is repeated. I feel as though I had grasped the central meaning of the world, & all these poets & historians & philosophers were only following out paths branching from that centre in which I stand. And then — some speck of dust gets into my machine I suppose, & the whole thing goes wrong again. I open my Greek book next morning, & fell worlds away from it all - worse than that - the ~~to~~ writing is entirely indifferent to me. Then I go out into the country - plodding along as fast as I can go - not much thinking of what I see, or of anything, but the movement in the free air soothes & makes sensitive at once. As long as one can feel anything - ~~& by feeling~~ I mean life

NYPL

may lead one where it likes. In London undoubtedly there are too many people all different – all claiming something or losing something – & they must all be reconciled to the scheme of the universe before you can let yourself think what that scheme is. Of course, people too, if one read them rightly, might illuminate as much if not more than books. It is probably best therefore in the long run to live in the midst of men & women – to get the light strong in your eyes as it were – not reflected through cool green leaves ~~in to paper~~ or print as it is in books.

But I think of my great box of books all littered about in the wider country room I am to have – with entire day now – Nine months rarely is enough to spend with one's kind!

NYPL

Earls Court. 22nd July.

We go once a year to Earls Court. I do not know that I want to go oftener — but I enjoy that one visit. This evening it was a little suddenly decided that the three ayes should go. It was a cool evening — again I cannot help thinking just too cold. We raked together the most miscellaneous garments — which had to be evening & outdoor & waterproof at once. In the end we compromised; our shoes were indoor — our dress evening — now I come to think of it, only our hats could be rightly called outdoors. But it didn't matter. Earls Court is one of those places where you can wear exactly what you like. The first thing we made for was the Chute. The exhibition is supposed to have something to do with fire engines; but really the name of the show is the only thing that changes; all else remains the same; without any ~~little~~ stretch of the imagination once one can think oneself in Venice (as given at

Earls Court 3 years ago) or Constantinople which was last year's name, I think. The Chute, you will see, is equally appropriate to either. The Chute is un-failing: I tremble to think what my state of mind will be when I come to appreciate the Chute. And yet last year I made six descents running without any hesitation, & this year I didn't mind stopping after the third - But ~~I must~~ this hardly bears thinking on: Each time we got a front seat - rushed down, with the usual shrieks & blowing hats - plunged into the water, reared up, & then ~~glided smoothly across the~~ wobbled back to shore - There was some difficulty in deciding what to do after this - but "The River of Lava" written in twinkling lamps attracted Adrian & me & much that we paid our sixpences & took our seats in the boat. It was a horrid fraud; I travelled that river when it was the Styx; when it was a Venetian Canal - & under some other disguise. The point is that you are floated along a kind of drain which is worked by electricity & that

current floats ~~your boat along~~ son without oars. The way is variegated with grottos & sunsets & effects of light upon the water — but we all agreed it was a very bad show. "I would have paid a penny to see it" said Nessa deliberately "On the whole I think it was worth threepence," said Adrian — "but then he had been partly responsible —

And then — it is safe to conclude that we found seats at some little marble table & had ices. I can imagine no conditions on which this would not be possible — & the Earls Court ices must be almost the severest test of ice eating capacity that exists. Nessa had to leave us after this — with the deepest regret of course. Once more we toiled up to that crazy platform hanging over an underground railway — ~~&~~ ~~[illegible]~~ got our front seats & shorted as we went down. But we were both of opinion that it would now be best to inspect the rest of the

NYPL

Exibition. We wandered through a most perplexing number of courts all with bands in the centre & outlines of electric light & ~~crossed~~ bridges & looked at any number of side shows, & their signs, which are perhaps more amusing. The showmen were expounding the merits of their marvels & mysteries in a spirit of the purest philanthropy. I had the greatest difficulty in restraining myself & Adrian from ~~all kinds of~~ taking advantage of all their offers. We were terribly tempted by Spiders web - which is the sensation of America - by the upside down House, by various magicians & Palmists - Adrian ~~at last~~ however was no longer to be restrained when we came to a tent in which for the paltry sum of sixpence you could enjoy a musical ride upon absolutely real live horses. The flap of the tent swung back artfully, so that you could look in & see the steeds waiting. He mounted; his piebald at the sound of a whistle & the tinkle of a musical box, started ~~round~~ pacing round the circle - really no bigger than

NYPL

this room. Half a dozen other dressed looking ponies ~~were~~ ~~jogg~~ joined, ~~the~~ ridden by ~~shopkeepers &~~ ~~the~~ a disagreeable shopkeeper & hairdresses ~~looking class of men~~ who though ~~he had~~ they stuck to their saddles with some difficulty ~~in sticking to his saddle~~ were always beating ~~his~~ their beasts to go faster.

A woman dressed in a scarlet habit — it it can be called by so delinch a name — circled round too. A lady in a short black skirt & a blouse jotted at the head of the melancholy procession, but, after cannoning several times with the rider behind, she thought she had had enough of it & dismounted. Meanwhile Adrian plodded steadily round — the most comic sight in the world. I thought the ponies would never have the strength to stop once they had begun — but a whistle sounded & they came to an end, ~~and~~ more than anything else, in the middle of their stride. If it hadn't been so indescribably dingy & degrading for any live creature — I could have

laughed at the sight; I did laugh in fact - but nevertheless it was a depressing side show on the whole. As we left, a man came up & entreated us to laugh a hundred times for sixpence - All we had to do was to pay our sixpence & walk inside - It was such a generous offer that we accepted. Inside we found ourselves in a tent lined with looking glasses, of all conceivable curves & hollows: we grew long - & lop sided - & gigantic - & dwarfed - ~~every~~ our bodies were twisted every ~~conceivable~~ possible way till finally ~~only a~~ ~~pair of legs appeared in the looking glass~~ we were represented by a pair of legs only ~~which moreover could walk different ways~~; When we felt we had secured as many of our 100 laughs as were forthcoming we left. The ~~Exhib~~ Exibition closes at ½ past 11 - till then we sat beneath a band & listened to popular tunes - ~~Once a~~ ~~year~~ We shall not go to Earls Court again for another year -

Miss Case.

Two days ago I had my great lesson from Miss Case. I reflect that it may be my last after a year & half's learning from her - & so with, entirely presumptuously I know, to ~~write~~ make a rough sketch - which is at rate done from life.

When I first saw her one afternoon in the drawing room, she seemed to me exactly what I had expected - tall classical looking, masterfull. But I was bored at being taught, & for some time, only did just what was asked from me, & hardly looked up from my book - that is at my teacher - But she was worth looking at. She had fine bright eyes - a carved nose. the teeth too prominent indeed - but her whole aspect was vigorous & wholesome. She taught well too, my varied experience of Greek teachers makes me a good judge of their merits I think. She was more professional than Miss Pater

NYPL

though perhaps not so ~~sympathetic~~ cultivated – She was more genial than Miss Clay & as good a scholar – ~~of course dear Professor Warr with his courtesy & deliberation would soon have~~ But I am sorry to say – really now a little repentant – that she did not at first attract me. She ~~stirred a~~ was too cheerful & irregular. ~~I was not allowed to f~~ She made me feel 'contradictions' as the nurses used to say. After a time I found out her line of teaching, & rather set my back against it – at least I discovered certain opinions which she held very rigorously – & which when contradicted, were worth a good lively hours discussion. I contradicted them; advanced life long opinions on the spot on the moment, ~~which~~ & to my delight she ~~heated~~ ~~as though we~~ took me quite seriously – ~~or~~ or when I was in a lazy mood, I drew her out; gave in ~~this~~ at this point, led her on to another – & when she was fairly started on some theory of hers – I let my ~~own~~ mind

NYPL

stray ~~to other things~~. I began this system in pure idleness; it relieved the tedium of Greek grammar, ~~but~~ & continued it ~~with something of malice. I found out~~ from ~~real~~ a genuine interest with a little malice mixed ~~as well perhaps as a little malice~~ — I found out that she had theories of her own about the Furies: ~~for six lessons I was determined to know all I could about the Furies.~~ for six lessons I too had theories about the Furies. ~~we argued them up~~ & ~~on any subsequent occasion, if I wished for a little diversion, I had only to~~ — & so with many other subjects. She was a person of ardent theories. ~~as~~ & she could expound them fluently. ~~It used to amuse me to~~ She used these adjectives where I could only lay hands on one — Aeschylus & Remember — was strenuous. grand. impassioned ~~Euripides had such absolutely modern palpitating~~ & so on. But ~~at the~~ she was no sentimentalist.

She ~~knew~~ had her grammar at her finger tips — ~~I could~~ She used to pull me up ruthlessly in the middle of ~~what I thought a~~ ~~some~~ ~~beautiful~~ beautiful passage with "mark the ar" I read a ~~lovely~~ very lovely description of maidenhood in ~~Euripid~~ Euripides(?) — for instance — ~~which in my vanity I thought I had translated well~~ & at ~~the end I expected~~ how the maiden hangs like & ripened fruit within the orchard — but the fates' agar, the passer by spies in — & does not hesitate to pluck. That was the sense of it, & at the end I passed with some literary delight in ~~the~~ its beauty. Not so Miss Case "~~That~~ The use of the instrumental fenitive in the 3rd line is extremely rare" her comment upon Love! But that is not a fair example; & at anyate I think it really praiseworthy; aesthetic pleasure is so much easier to ~~ex~~ attain than knowledge of liv. uses of the fenitive — I think it is true that she read with a less purely literary interest in the text than I ~~could~~ did; ever she was not by any means blind to the

NYPL

beauties of Aeschylus & Euripides (her two favourite writers) but she was ~~all~~ not happy till she had woven some kind of ~~theory~~ moral into their plays. I ~~am found that I was~~ expected to ~~see~~ ~~have~~ understand all kinds of teachings ~~to~~ to interpret all kinds of views ~~upon~~ upon life where I had merely ~~looked for enjoyment~~

She was always expounding their 'teachings' ~~the~~ ~~the~~ their views upon life & fate, as they can be ~~read~~ interpreted by an intelligent ~~person~~ reader ~~from the plays~~. I had never attempted anything of this kind before, & though I protested that Miss Cape carried it too far, fact I was forced to think more than I had done hitherto – & interested accordingly. It was upon these subjects that she became really eloquent. She would spend a whole lesson in defining the ~~exact~~ ~~then~~ relation of Aeschylus towards Fate – or the ~~views of~~ ~~Euripides~~ ~~upon~~ religious peculiarities of Euripides.

This was the side of the thing that most interested her — & to her great credit, she made me, at least, see her point of view. Then there was our Grammar. Many teachers have tried to break me in to that — but with only ~~the fain~~ a passing success. Miss Case went to the root of the evil; she saw that my foundations were rotten — proposed a Grammar, & bade me start with the very first exercise — upon the proper use of the article — which ~~I used so very improperly that~~ I had hitherto used ~~so~~ ~~entirely~~ with the most ~~improperly~~ greatest impropriety ~~greatest impropriety~~. She never failed to point out with perfect goodhumour that my Exercises were detestable — 'I haven't even attempted to correct this one' She said once — with the cheerful laugh, which spoke of an undaunted courage, ~~& determination~~. I never once made her lose her temper, though I sometimes lost mine sufficiently to wish I could. Now that our lessons are over — for good perhaps — I am amazed at the

amount ~~of things~~ she stood from me -
But in all these ways she was an
excellent teacher. I feel besides, ~~those~~
that she is a really valiant strong minded
woman, in a private capacity. We strayed
enough from grammar to let me see this.
She talked ~~of~~ on many subjects; & on all
she showed ~~a~~ perfectly ~~healthy, vigorous, &~~
possessed of clear strong views, & more than
this she had the ~~sever~~ rare gift of seeing
~~a different side from the one she knew~~ the
other side; ~~& of~~ she had too, I think, a
fine ~~sym~~ human sympathy ~~for~~ which I had reason,
once or twice to test ~~this~~ -

This, I know is most inadequate testimony to
her but under the circumstances ~~though~~, of haste
& discomfort, I can do no better.
I vaguely hope too, that our parting is
not yet really final -

An afternoon with the Pagans.

Mathew Arnold, I know, called them 'the Barbarians' – but that implies a people without a religion; ~~I think~~ but now they – ~~that is~~ the English aristocracy – are in my opinion very strong believers in the Gods – not the Gods of the Christian faith indeed – but of the very picturesque Pagan mythology. They believe in Bacchus, yes Pan, & Zeus was an aristocrat. Artemis too – wasn't she a very finely built young Countess? In other words they believe enormously in leading a ~~happy healthy outdoor life, perfectly unhampered,~~ free easy life, with the best of everything lavished upon them. happy luxurious life – with the best of everything ~~at their service~~ ~~beauty. brains~~ – always at their command. They have no reason to doubt; ~~hasn't the~~ haven't the Gods provided for them excellently well? They shut their eyes &

suck down their sugar plum— They at any rate are ~~the~~ a few of the superficial impressions which I always receive ~~when I meet with~~ from the aristocracy— a very pleasant they are too. I would be a pagan— if ~~I were had a li~~ I could.

Yesterday we spent an afternoon at St Albans where Katie, that divine Giantess, has taken a house. Beatrice was there— Lady Robert Cecil. We spent the whole afternoon under a tree in the garden. Katie lay sketched on a long couch, in the carelessness of perfect grace. She doesn't think how she looks— she just flings out her superb limbs— like a child resting after its play. Indeed the whole atmosphere of the place was once of careless ease— ~~careless, but not negligent~~. Beatrice flung herself back in her chair, hands behind her head— Lady Robert sat lightly upright glancing round her like some bright bird— Her eyes, poor thing, have to do double work;

NYPL

She is almost quite deaf – she heard nothing of what we said as we talked together, but her ~~two~~ large eyes, seeing my laugh, laughed too. It was curiously pathetic. We talked hard. Marriage hasn't changed Katie; she was a great lady before: her the change from the simplicity of her cottage garden at Chesham to the splendours of the British ~~ministry~~ Residency at Cairo have only developed that side of her; ~~she is~~ the other is left untouched. She held forth ~~in the~~ as of old ~~way~~; declaiming her impossible theories in the same half laughing half serious way; pouring scorn upon us all – believing her sister – laying her hand upon Lady Roberts shoulder to shout some intemperate remark into her ear ~~as the she~~ was like a great ~~gigantic~~ ~~benevolent~~ benevolent ~~benevolent~~ goddess.

But all the time, one could feel, she was swaying the talk; even at such an informal

party as they, the way leading - seeing what ought to be done next - what more would put everybody more at their ease. Nothing, one can well see, can be more perfect than her manner as a Hostess; she is perfectly dignified, but perfectly simple at the same time; ~~but~~ ~~by~~ one could no more suspect her of ill manners than the Venus of Milo. We talked on & on, always laughing I think - till Katie, after tea, suggested a walk round 'our Domain' as she called them. She led the way; her step is perfectly stately & free. She took Lady Roberts' arm every now & then in a caressing way - she went for her Chow-dog knelt on the lawn & played with it for ten minutes together; then, ~~like the~~ ~~was~~ she saw a pump handle swinging; like the great child she is she must, despite Beatrice's chattering, begin to pump it; nothing happened - she pulled more & more vigorously - at last we heard water sighing. "Well Katie - you have had a

a brilliant idea shrieked Beatrice, ~~it's its~~ its the drains! Katie was quite unconcerned though; gathered up her skirts with her ~~calm~~ delightful mocking smile, & swept on. Other people, Lady Roberts Husband, came in to tea; ~~they had~~ but ~~w~~ our fly was at the door; ~~we shook hands very kindly~~ Katie took our hands very kindly — "Goodbye" she said, in a voice which sounded like a blessing — a half humorous blessing — & we went.

Well, that is a pleasant picture to think of — though one wont see it again for another twelvemonth —

NYPL

Retrospect.

Tonight is the last we shall spend in London for 8 weeks - a crisis to most people not worth talking about - but our family moves with the unwieldiness & extreme deliberation of the 300 years old Tortoise at the zoo - ~~who makes a He extends his head, once every two or three weeks, to take in a fresh supply of cabbages; & by these means will prolong his life~~

But that Tortoise must ~~go through greater~~ in reality have anything but an easy time of it - if his weekly excursions in search of cabbages are ~~attended with any of the~~ precluded by any of the ~~that~~ flurry & discomfort which are our lot at these seasons. But on this I will not dwell. My precious box is well crammed ~~laid~~ with books - ~~all~~ the family boxes are corded & labelled down stairs — We shall have one final & supreme exertion tomorrow: & by this time tomorrow night we shall all be set down ~~in~~, I hope, the ~~quietest &~~ most peaceful & ~~ge~~ mellow of country houses some 70 miles or so by rain ~~from~~ London — ~~but~~

NYPL

~~separated by~~ the distance though is not to be measured by miles. I might now, therefore, to write some kind of farewell to London — ~~I can't say~~ We close here our London chapter — with regret? Several circumstances, some? hope imaginary, make me feel perfectly callous at the thought of going. For 6 weeks? shall not miss you, great city; at in October we may meet on more friendly terms.

For some reason, partly weather I think, the 'season' has come to an end rather tamely: I like to leave London with a final blare of ~~the brass band~~ trumpets: sun burning, I mean, pavements heated slabs. trees burnt grass burnt — no shade anywhere. Then one has earned one's wages, & may cool down in the country. Besides it is a little disappointing to miss that ~~thoroughly~~ sun-roasting which ~~are~~ is only to be had ~~felt~~ once a year — ~~We have had no real heat, & now I know we shall~~

When we were children the summers were always

NYPL

really hot. ~~We went about in Cotton dresses; were out before lessons & after tea~~ I can remember the smell of the gardens, all burnt up in the sun, the heat odour of the streets; it was all very good then - because it told of the end of the summer - & of it was But now there seems no reason, unless one looks at the calendar, why one should go away now more than at any other time - A isn't the end of the summer for the summer hasn't begun - March April, May (as we understand it in England) have ~~been prolonged through June & July~~ lasted so long, that here we are in August & the summer not yet come. Perhaps it will flame upon us in our flat meadows near Salisbury: that remains to be recorded - I wish for the sake of this book that I had anything more brightly coloured & picturesque to write here; it seems to me that all my events have been of the same temperate ~~cool~~ rather cold hued description: I have not had to use many superlatives. I have

sketched faint outlines with a pencil. But the only ~~a merit~~ of this book is that it shall serve for a sketch book; ~~like one of those~~ As on artists ~~which one finds full of~~ fills his pages with scraps & fragments, studies of drapery - legs arms & noses - ~~perhaps of some too value to the artist, but of no pictorial meaning~~ also. useful to him no doubt, but of no meaning to any one else - so I ~~having a few minutes to myself~~. take up my pen & place here whatever shapes I happen to ~~cross my mind~~ have in my ~~eye~~ head ~~I blame myself my~~ ~~I have no time or wish to polish &~~

It is an exercise - training for eye & hand - & roughness of it results from an honest desire to put down the truth with whatever materials one has to hand, is not disagreeable - ~~to me at least~~ though often I am afraid ~~the~~ decidedly uncouth. I have gone on this plan for something over a month now, & propose

Ladies & Gentlemen, to continue it in the Country.

There, with good luck, some live figures ought to cross my field of view — & I shall attempt to cast their shadow on ~~this white~~ the page. But of that, more anon.

At present it only remains for me to say farewell to Hyde Park Gate.

Tomorrow I shall open ~~at~~ at a new ~~page~~ chapter.

Netherhampton House,
Salisbury.

August: 1903.

NYFL

Netherhampton House.

We have wrenched ourselves free of London. Hessa & I after a titanic struggle in ~~Waterloo~~ that station - ~~a rightly named after~~ a ~~battle field~~ - which takes its name appropriately from a battle field - got our ~~& large boxes hurled into the van~~ - accomplished the family hamption. ~~from London~~ to Salisbury. Already our boxes are unpacked - & we have settled into some kind of order - The house is exactly what I expected - & hoped - ~~It is~~ ~~outwardly~~ a The front reid - we look on to the road - is ~~by no means pretentious~~, ~~but nevertheless~~ of a little gray stone house, too humble to be itself ornate, but evidently dating from an ornate period - & in its humble way an imitation of a genuine great house - There is some kind of ~~decoration with~~ & architectural device of urns ~~along~~ at intervals on the gables; ~~there is~~ a there is hollowed recess in the

NYPL

wall, ~~where~~ meant perhaps, were the thing on a larger scale to stand a Statue in - The garden gate, too, is uncommon - gracefully wrought in blue green iron, & surmounted by a coat of arms & a crest. This house, as a matter of fact was built - in Elizabeth's time I think, as dower house to ~~Wilton~~ the Pembroke family; the coat of arms, besides various small stateliness within & without, proclaim ~~it to be the property of a well born, & no longer prosperous family.~~ family, now living in retirement. Its aristocratic connection; ~~the old Countess who retired here~~ various old Countesses & dependent relatives have ~~been lodged here~~ had their lodging here, after the splendours of Wilton - though at the present time it is no longer used for this purpose. The Fieses who have it now, have done their decorating &c. in entire sympathy with the character of the place - The wide rooms are furnished not too profusely with dignified

old chairs, & solid tables: crimson & white is the scheme of the whole place, with a touch of mellow ruddy old wood –
~~The staircase is~~ It is, I feel, a very characteristic English country house of the more modest sort; solid & unpretentious, but with a certain quaint dignity of its own, greatly mellowed by time. These little gray old houses are ~~scattered by the dozen over England~~ common all over England, but I doubt whether you find them elsewhere – I have not had time to see much of the garden – but it ~~too~~ looks in keeping with the house – a walled kitchen garden – broad gray walks & a sundial – all on a small & graceful scale – kitchen garden teeming with fruit & vegetables – but ~~spacious~~ enough of a comfortable airy kind.

Wilton – from outside the Walls.

Yesterday, on the day before, we set off after breakfast to find out our position in the world. Our garden, ~~which~~ is really only a tint of the meadow shorn & ~~pt~~ cut off from the rest by a sunk fence, ~~runs straight down~~ of the ~~meadow~~ field. The house ~~oblong~~, is very long & low, but the front view gives really no idea of its size: it ~~forms a quadrangle mo~~ turns round & ~~leaves~~ makes a square court moreover, & ~~is~~ ~~too~~ only the face of the house is gray – the rest & older part is built of red ~~stone~~ brick. We had some curiosity to find the river & the village of Wilton – our difficulty was to decide which of the many streams we met was the river – in ~~a~~ time though we came to such a broad & vigorous stream that we decided to name it the Wylie & count the smaller ~~canals~~ rivulets which cut up the meadows as mere tributaries – Rained

to flow they in order to ~~use~~ water the fields.
Indeed a most elaborate system of canals, a
hatchery, & little waterfall is arranged to
ch over the fine meadows, but the water is
now for the most part cut off, & the meadows
are dry. We tramped along the road finally,
which is on one side walled off by an
a very high & neatly preserved brick wall.
Inside lie the gardens of Wilton - miles & miles
of them, I should judge, by the time. It took
us to trudge this ~~far~~ side of their boundaries.
At last we turned the corner, & came, very obviously
to the great gate of Wilton. It is made in the
shape of a Roman Arch - though whether it is
for mounted by the figure of a Roman Emperor,
or whether one of the Earls of Pembroke has been
clad in a toga for the occasion, I can not say.
The other statue, ~~at the~~ just outside the gates
suggests that the modern military uniform at
any rate is not the right stuff for bronze: ~~this~~
~~statue the Earl Grove~~ The sculptor, moreover,
~~artist perhaps~~
~~was of opinion that a Pembroke~~ or lady made

NYPL

~~his rat at least 12 feet high - Earls ong whether~~
~~because not I imagine thinking I imagine that~~
~~it would never do for~~ in respect for the
nobility of his sitter has made him at least
3 feet taller than the ~~tallest man of ordinary~~
~~fl~~ most sigantic of ordinary mortals.
~~As a tribute of respect~~ As a work of art
therefore, the statue is not convincing; but
the ~~inscrip~~ when one reads the inscription at the
base one understands that a very ~~something~~ heroic
figure was needed. After this we walked
through the town. There are moods when the
little old South of England town, with its
~~a~~ peace & quaintness - are entirely refreshing:
~~but again, sometimes one's spirit rises against it -~~
~~Craves for something more original & independent -~~
~~for warm reds for for brilliant colours~~
~~for a true bright colour instead of this~~ ~~of~~
~~eternal deep green & fog.~~ There are times when
its eternal sameness - its somnolence as of one
~~utterly satisfied withitself~~ that has fallen asleep

NYPL

of a surfeit of roast beef & plum pudding are depressing. I am craving, I think, for the bareness & warmth & brilliance of a foreign land. But Wilton is particularly apt to excite this kind of discontent; it is more snug & well pleased with itself than the majority of English villages like all those small hamlets that sit in the ~~pocket~~ shadow of a Great house. It has the look of a very faithful old family retainer (as I have no doubt ~~[illegible]~~ those that live in its cottages are pensioned off by the great ~~family &~~ people) ~~It is whole world is circled~~ ~~unfaltering~~ unswervingly loyal to them. Its whole world is circled by the 'Park'; its interest is concerned entirely with the 'Her Ladyship' & the ~~going Lord & Ladies~~ going on at the Castle. In almost every street the gun can have the influence of the Herbert family. ~~There are~~ ~~of course~~ The three inns of course are loyally christened after the various titles of the ~~family~~ Pembroke: ~~the streets are~~ their arms. Slightly battered by weather hang from all the sign posts: they, in their turn, have ~~commemorated their birthdays & marriages~~ suttered fountains &c

& almhouses all round them, & generally keep the village so tidy & sweet that it ~~reflects~~ the atmos: makes the most ~~app~~ respectable setting for ~~the~~ Wilton itself.

We - that is Adrian & I - commented upon all this - in no very friendly spirit. We professed to find the whole ~~p~~ country side 'demoralized' & ~~made dependent by~~ clinging to the great man of the place. This I suppose is an exaggeration; at any rate if we had been inside those high brick walls ~~instead of out~~ our point of view might have changed - but ~~certainly the~~ this safe to say that the feudal spirit ~~of~~ in England is not fat dead ~~fat~~.

The Water Meadows.

We are still exploring. Yesterday I took Hessa across the water meadows to a certain romantic looking church — at least that was our intention. This church you see from our croquet lawn across an apparently flat & sadly ~~cross~~ walled breadth of meadow — The church stands just ~~above it~~ higher among some trees. I had some vague notion that this was George Herbert's church. at any rate it was an object to walk to. Hessa too was anxious to find the mythical railway, which is to supply the express train in her Great Landscape. So we started early across the meadows. But before long we had to deviate; little streams just too broad & too deep to jump ~~interrupted our~~ kept ~~chopping us up~~ cutting us off; we had to ~~circle, to drift long along~~ walk sideways to find a bridge — often only a bare plank. Sometimes a fence with one strand only left. It was a very laborious & difficult path, but we kept our church in view, &

steered for it as best we could. Our position got more serious though when we were both landed in mud up to our ancles - in which needless to say one of Nessa's shoes stuck bodily - & the leap ~~was~~ only the led ~~prelude~~ to something worse - We tried to circumvent the stream - & coasted along it, ~~scrambling~~ flattening ourselves under barbed wire - (surely there can be no fear of trespassers here!) & scrambling through hedges. We were brought to a stop by hearing male Eustic voices. The ~~red female pedestrian is always wrooms~~ alarming to pedestrians of the wonderly sex - Men were ~~talking~~ making hay in the adjoining field. & not only were they talking but they were talking of us - possibly to us - Seeing us stop, one of them advanced to the gate; we had to move up to hear what he said. He was ~~alrea~~ evidently jocular - & we thought it best to anticipate ~~him by~~ any remarks he might have to make by asking boldly our way

out? "Gon fairly lost, Gon ain' he said - A ~~near sight of us apparently shack him as more comic than ever~~ which seemed to tickle him a good deal 'where d'gon want to go?' It seemed idiotic to say nowhere - so I prompted Nessa - 'the Road' 'The Road?' ~~Gon wont find no road~~ - Gon' dont mean to say gonve lost the road in broad daylight?' That was an excellent joke too - 'Gon wont find no road here - better go back the way Gon come' And so we turned & went - ~~directing~~ It was were shouted after us that the sleek brown cows feeding at the other end of the field were dangerous. But we took no heed - We were far more troubled by the necessity of repeating all those ~~in~~ muddy plunges & wriggles which had served to bring us here - ~~The~~ We had immediately to cross the stream where Nessa had imbedded her shoe; this experience had happily somewhat shaken her belief in shoes: & she agreed to my suggestion that for the rest of this walk we should be

NYPL

independent of bridges & lack of bridges - that we should bare our feet, & use them ~~as the speediest~~ for the purpose - after all - for which they were created -
The steam water was ~~very~~ ~~the~~ numbing cold at first, but the feel of the grass on ~~ones~~ the ~~x~~ bare soles of ones foot is ~~a pleasure~~. ~~which like most natural ones~~ ~~was~~ worth curiously pleasant. If you lay your palm on the grass, it feels very little; but ~~the~~ ones foot, always gloved & cased as it is from contact with the earth is exquisitely sensitive to ~~every~~ the ~~roughness of~~ coarseness of dry ground - the smoothness & coldness of grass - the warmth of those places where the sun beats. It was ~~a~~ thus strangely charming to walk barefoot across two or three ~~streams~~ feeds & streams. & ~~ser~~ We found our road - & put on our shoes - only too soon.

Radcliffe - the youngest. ~~who is~~ ~~Even more omni~~ (they be

& most ~~as~~ omniscient-) gives us this information about the water meadows. As you walk along the ~~bank of~~ the main river - the Wylie - you see that ~~at in~~ wooden shutters are let into its banks at intervals: these, technically called hatches, ~~correspond with a channel in~~ the neigh are at the mouth of a channel in the neighbouring field: they are ~~two~~ made with two handles; if you raise a hatch you divert a stream from the main river into this channel ~~winding~~ behind, & thus the meadows far nearly round are irrigated. ~~The chan~~ The system is immensely complicated - worked out more than two hundred years ago, says the omniscient Radcliffe, & still in use: each main channel from the river feeds ~~the~~ number of lesser channels, till the fields are threaded ~~at~~ across & across. within September I think he said, the hatches are opened, but not all at once; each meadow owner is allowed to flow the water through his

NYPL

land for the space of five days – They each take a turn – Then, when the land is thoroughly soaked, the water is cut off – ~~he~~ the hay grows lusty – is mown – the cattle are turned on to graze off what remains – ~~at that~~ ~~they moment the is what is happening at this moment~~ this last is the stage that has now been reached ~~at this season~~.

NYPL

The Downs.

We have the custom now every summer of hiring a pony to drive. Most years we have been grossly deceived; our stipulation, made in all simplicity, that the beast shall be 'quiet' has led the horse-dealers to present us with every quality of broken down & antiquated steed - just capable of drawing an old ladies garden chair - We are wiser now, & ask simply for a pony - The result is nothing very startling; our beast has the quality of quietness thrown in gratis, but on the whole he is a good worthy animal - nothing like a slightly worn out machine till he comes to his stable door, when he stops.

But our afternoon drive becomes a necessity. Here one has to keep to the road - which robs the drives of half their charm, & were not our eyes still sensitive to the beauty of grass & cornfield would ~~not~~ make the process dreary enough. We had a note today to take to ~~Chalke~~ Broad Chalke, about six miles the other side of the

race course – We started after tea – & it had turned to a beautiful evening. Somewhere I have read that the sky above the chalkland is of a peculiar pale blue – as though something of the whiteness of the chalk were reflected in it. It was true last night at any rate that the blue was pale – whatever the cause was. Adrian, with his wonderful faculty for finding something wrong in his immediate circumstances – whatever they are – grumbled the whole time at the dulness of the country – in which I conceive he is wholly wrong. Such feminine country, I conceive can never be dull; even though nature here hasn't taken much pains apparently with her material. She has kept a charm though which is entirely absent in more obviously interesting places. As we drove along through lanes deeply cut in the chalk, I kept likening the downs to the long curved waves of the sea. It is as though the land here, all molten once, & rolling

in vast billows had solidified while the waves were still ~~heaf~~ swollen & on the point of breaking. From a height it looks as though the whole ~~place~~ land were flowing. Man, too, ~~can do no~~ has done nothing to change the shape of these breakers. He has planted them with ~~[illegible]~~ to a certain extent, but has mostly left ~~them~~ their grass untouched for his flocks. You see a ~~[illegible]~~ thatched shed or so on the ~~hill~~ down side, where the shepherd lives, but ~~that is the only kind~~ no other human house. The villages have all sunk into the ~~[illegible]~~ depths of hollows between the waves; & the result is a peculiar smoothness & bareness of outline — This is the bare home of the earth — ~~Woods &~~

Salisbury Cathedral.

A restless devil lodges somewhere in this ancient gray house – this peaceful garden – even in my wide room. It is perhaps just a little overdone – ~~all~~ ~~this~~ the ~~excessive~~ age & deep repose of it all. I felt this afternoon as though I must get into some brisker air – It is no fault of the houses – that as I have said is so perfect that I should not know where to lift up my hand to alter, were it possible – But though it was hot, I & cushions spread on the lawn, I felt ~~an~~ a fretful desire to ~~that~~ worry myself. I tradged off down the ~~hard~~ road, which is powdered with fine white dust & very hard. I saw the spire of Salisbury in the distance, & made that my object. Three miles of dusty road, I knew lay between us – but that was just the thing I wanted. So I hamfed – till my shoes were white too, & ~~a little pa particles of dust~~ I was feeling stretched in the muscles of my legs. Small Red houses have marched out in the van & rear of Salisbury, as of every other town combining, I imagine their architect to say, the

NYPL

advantages of a Cathedral city with pure Country air. Any other Combination would be preferable I think. I had made the Fire my aim - now I gazed as close it as I could - invaded the Sanctuaries of the Close indeed, where motor cars may not penetrate, or butches carts, unless bearing Clerical provisions. ~~Time was~~ The close is the same as all Cathedral closes - very rich, very peaceful - with the air of a very comfortably cushioned ~~most luxurious~~ Sanctuary - ~~very comfortably cushioned~~ - from the sins & weariness & of the outer world. A The old Ladies who let their dresses sweep its turf ~~have the air of~~ are infected by the atmosphere; they move with Extreme leisure & dignity - as though ~~no longer~~ earthly ~~the~~ affairs ~~of the world~~ had no longer any power to hurry them. Yet I can well imagine that ~~in spite of its look of holy~~ a loofness ~~peace~~ ~~this~~ their ~~little~~ precincts cover as much scandal as of an innocent sort - as any ~~spa~~ similar space in Mayfair or Belgravia. It is a picturesque but ~~so~~ relaxing

NYPL

advantages of a Cathedral city with pure Country air. Any other combination would be preferable I think. I had made the spire my aim – now I gazed as close it as I could – invaded the sanctuaries of the Close indeed, where motor cars may not penetrate, or butchers carts, unless bearing Clerical provisions. ~~Time was~~ The close is the same as all Cathedral closes – very rich, very peaceful – with the air of a very comfortably cushioned ~~most luxurious~~ Sanctuary – ~~very comfortably cushioned~~ – from the sins & weariness & of the outer world. A The old Ladies who let their dresses sweep its turf ~~have the air of~~ are infected by the atmosphere; they move with extreme leisure & dignity – as though ~~no longer~~ earthly ~~the~~ affairs ~~of the world~~ had no longer any power to hurry them. Yet I can well imagine that ~~in spite of its look of holy peace~~ ~~a loofness~~ ~~this~~ their ~~little~~ precincts cover as much scandal as of an innocent sort – as any ~~spa~~ similar space in Mayfair or Belgravia. It is a picturesque but ~~so~~ relaxing

NYPL

little haven, I am sure, & the Bishop & Chapter would do much better ~~if~~ turned out of those their spacious Georgian houses, & made to share the common lot. I should suggest that the close, shut against Butcher carts & motor cars by all means, should remain open to literary people of a literary disposition – ~~They might even find accommodation~~ who lodged at their ease in Palace & Deanery, would certainly turn their luxury to ~~good~~ account

The neighbourhood of the Cathedral though is depressing. So much ancient stone however fairly piled, & however rich with the bodies of saints & famous men, seems to suck the vitality of its humble neighbours. It is like a great forest oak, ~~which~~ nothing can grow healthily beneath its shade.

All this is a form of heresy I know. A ~~not~~ long walk in the sun, ~~leave~~ all along the valley too, leaves me little appetite to appreciate the value of the picture from an aesthetic point of view. A bare hill top would have pleased me better than all the Closes & Cathedrals in England –

An Evening Service

There is no denying - if you pretend to be a person of culture - that Salisbury Cathedral is beautiful - & culture or not, I honestly feel it to be so. It grows upon one; you find your eye wandering over the landscape to look for it: & when ~~it~~ you finds it - ~~as it invariably does~~ ~~it~~ you keep gr. Efc. ~~lests~~ there for some moments satisfied. We are on a level with Salisbury - & no hills lie between us. I have not yet ~~really~~ ~~we~~ in my walks passed beyond its range. Sometimes I see ~~it like a~~ the point of its spire - like an Extinguisher - sitting on the side of the ~~tower~~ down. Oftenest I see it across the meadows - ~~not the &~~ the whole church planted firm there - solid, & yet Exquisitely light & graceful at once. ~~The stone too changes~~ It takes all kinds of ~~lights &~~ tones - sometimes it is a pale gray - then almost white; today, for some reason it looked as though built of ~~brown~~ dark brown stone. George & I meant to ~~attend a~~ spend a part

our Sunday appropriately in worship within its walls — but decided that afternoon service — drawn out by Sermon &c — was too great an ~~a slice~~ a time — ~~so we foolishly~~ ~~we~~ Expense of time — so we ~~was~~ invented (as it turned out) an Evensong at 7 to suit our purpose & drove over this in time for that. But the first South we stopped in the Close ~~told us that Evensong was~~ pointed out our mistake — for some reason, Salisbury Cathedral provides no Evensong. Our only ~~form~~ way of worship therefore — ~~&~~ & a thoroughly ~~good one~~ happy one — was to drive slowly round the close. In certain moods I know, this kind of thing is intolerable; I would no more live ~~&~~ here than lie myself down tomorrow in a venerable pave in the ~~Chancel~~ cloisters; ~~to live here must be a very kind of~~ but ~~to pass thro~~ no place can be more ~~Exquisitely peaceful to = perfe~~ amply satisfactory to spend an hour in — ~~let it be an Evening hour, on the Sabbath~~. It is as though for that thick ivy grown walls between gravely & the

world; within them all is ~~loveliness &~~ ancient loveliness & peace. English Cathedrals have certainly one inestimable advantage over the only ~~R~~ foreign ones that I have seen; they stand ~~as it were~~ in a perfect garden of their own, whereas the great French churches open on to the street. Here for instance the Cathedral is circled by a rich layer of turf — & beyond that, like a zealous bodyguard, stand round all the houses of the Close. ~~Way not the~~ These harmonise so perfectly — ~~they~~ with the ~~per~~ prevailing spirit of the Cathedral that you hardly notice them individually till you ~~be~~ stop especially to do so. They seem to me to ~~measure up & reflect the precious~~ act, I say, as a kind of bodyguard: nothing vulgar shall taint the air of the cathedral: they measure up & absorb the precious incense it gives out ~~is measured up & preserved~~ absorbed ~~prevented from escaping by them~~

And like the beef eaters, or some other ancient guard,

they are eminently ~~respectable~~ picturesque without revalling the splendour of their monarch. ~~They are homely, though dignified; they~~

We had occasion as it happens to visit one of these very houses — a ~~lesser~~ small one, on ~~at~~ the outskirts of the close. Old Miss Fawlett, struck me as exactly the benevolent & mildly sarcastic old lady one might expect with propriety to find in these surroundings. Indeed I should have been shocked had she turned out in any way different. But she was precisely the type I foretold — ~~I felt at home with her at once~~ ~~She was I evolved her from the~~

~~I know without rising their door belly the faces & fortunes — all those that~~

& we had no difficulty in carrying on a conversation. How should we — when we had met — in novels I suppose — so often before?

NYPL

Wilton - from inside

There is one day - Wednesday - in every week when from the hour of 2 till 5 - the public can enter the great gates of Wilton as freely as any Herbert in the land. I have never been over one of our 'stately homes' in any capacity, so yesterday I thought I would earn that experience. I expected to find a crowd of wagonnettes & bicycles - but as a matter of fact I had to enter modestly behind a solitary party of three - an elderly gentleman, who might be a banker in Salisbury, & his two nieces, who were young ladies from New York - & signed themselves thus in the visitors book. This at any rate was my guess at their relationship to each other; the gentleman was certainly English, for he took upon himself to do the honours of Wilton, & point out the qualities of English scenery, as though the ~~[illegible] whatever, & whole credit were of either were due to him~~ he were responsible for both, & had a lawful ~~right~~ interest to any credit

NYPL

that might be ~~placed to their account~~ laid to their account. A massive ~~footman~~ lodge keeper in livery admitted us, took our shilling, for the benefit of the Herbert Hospital, & forwarded us ~~us to the care~~ across the courtyard to the care of a dignified house keeper ~~in~~ within the doors. I felt ~~a mixture of servant &~~ unspeakably ignominious, ~~the gorgeous~~ as though I were admitted by favour of these gorgeous flunkeys, & had to hold myself in an attitude of servile attention to them.

The good lady who took charge of us was a typical family servant. She was willing to gratify our ~~natural~~ awed curiosity as to the Herbert family & ~~there~~ their belongings — & at the same time she clearly felt herself ~~part of the~~ to be socially our superior. She did the honours with the ~~air of one~~ ~~who~~ condescending air of one to whom ~~all~~ ~~these treasures~~, Greek statues & Vandykes are a matter ~~precious though they are~~, of course ~~so~~ ~~natural~~ ~~are a ma~~ are ~~nothing~~ of familiar; ~~she insisted upon our astonishment, but was quite capable of~~

~~that she can afford to speak of them familiarly.~~
~~but from us poor the plebeians she exacted~~
~~a~~ but she expected our plebeian respect ~~would stand no trifling from us.~~
So we trooped behind her obediently, & were
submissively awe-struck. When she ~~saw my~~
~~attention wandering - as it did not infrequently~~
thought I suppose that I was looking about
me with too critical an air she
~~drew my attention to some~~ enunciated in
my ear some high sounding title ~~word~~ - as 'Portrait
of Titian - by himself' which was to
recall me from my ~~flippant~~ impertinence.
There are undoubtedly a great many very
good pictures - but a still greater number of
worthless ones. I am a person of no
discrimination in matters of art - I ~~am~~ ~~can't~~
don't even know what I like. at once that is -
& the conditions under which I saw the Wilton
pictures were ~~was~~ altogether unfavourable. Indeed
it was difficult to appreciate the house itself
even - ushered as we were from one museum
like room to another, & bade admire the
proper things as quickly as possible & pass on to the next

Honestly. I was disappointed in my first view of a great house. I had imagined something more spacious, & more harmonious. It was as though they had tried in parts to ~~combine~~ make an early Victorian style of decoration ~~with~~ harmonise with the Vandykes - & ~~they~~ had not succeeded. ~~It is I suppose~~ If they had resolved to keep the whole place in the style of one period - if the ~~fur~~ chairs & tables had been uniformly old instead of of all styles & ages - the ~~proportion~~ character of the rooms would have been distinct & beautiful. As it is your eye is distracted by a confusion of clinges & leather chairs & handsome writing tables ~~when you enter a room, & you feel to see, & cannot take it in at once its really noble proportions. & the~~ which are all out of character with the old chimney pieces & moulded walls. — But, having let a week almost, lapse between this sentence & the last, I can find nothing very profitable to say about -

NYPL

the beauties of Wilton. The American young ladies I remember, showed a far more spontaneous interest in the photographs & arm chairs of the Herbert family than in the famous Vandykes & Titian's – though they did their duty manfully by these too. The Barker uncle produced for them the special privilege of holding the present Earls portrait in their hands.

& the housekeeper beamed a condescending approval ~~of their zeal.~~

She was so condescending indeed that as the ~~moment of~~ ~~end of the~~ ~~Expedition~~ ~~drew near~~ stood in the hall, I was terribly uneasy in my mind what course to take with a certain half crown that lay in my hand. Half a crown ~~is~~ was ~~by~~ lavish payment, ~~for half an hours~~ I felt; but then it was the smallest coin I had; set ~~to offer so small a sum as half a~~ when I looked at the ~~good~~ ladies face ~~her~~ ~~imminent respectability~~ ~~made~~ the good breeding I saw there made my half crown seem paltry – not to say vulgar – I waited, like a coward,

NYPL

for the banker to decide. If he dared, I dared — & the halfcrown was doomed; but apparently he had no doubts in his mind. He bade her a hearty good day, & thank you — & ~~that~~ ~~seemed to~~ left without ~~scraple~~ putting his hand in his pocket. I still have my doubts as to whether the glance that she cast on us ~~was had not~~ as we left, had not appreciably increased in scorn — but I was soon out of range.

To talk of Shelley ~~of Conversationists~~

Since we came here, for various reasons, I have spent many of my afternoons in solitary walks. My solitude is genuine; I go quite alone – the dogs even refuse to ~~walk~~ risk a possible ride with Duncan for a certain ramble with me. I don't chase rabbits, & I sit down too much for any real dogs temper. But like Wordsworth – like many distinguished people (it is well to be in good company) I find solitude sufficient, strangely so. I walk generally straight out of the house & on to the Downs. They are now stacking & carting the corn in some of the fields: corn I ~~walked~~ waded through up to my shoulders a fortnight ago. I remember it sighed & in the wind like water. But the sheep are ~~the most~~ more interesting than corn or turnips. I like to see them turned together in dense ranks within a square of hurdles; it is my high ambition to learn to bleat some day

so that the whole flock hearing me shall answer. One day, to continue this mild ~~a~~ Gaseuliasy, Lessa & I ~~stood~~ stood for five minutes in deep laughter while the flock discoursed. There is a wonderful variety in the bleatings of sheep after all; one is clearly ~~a~~ exhorting the rest to save their souls from damnation – another, if I mistake him not, denounces some ovine education bill – a third ~~is~~ ~~laments the~~ ~~is~~ upholds the rights of the sheep to be considered the ~~equ~~ intellectual equal of the ram. But as they all talk at once, & pay no sort of attention to their neighbours, I see why no reason to suppose that their grievances ~~shall~~ will ever be attended to. That is ~~why the~~ The universal tone of weariness – of hopeless regret which ~~run is~~ prevails in the babble makes me opine that the sheep themselves are aware why they still remain sheep. The sheep becomes a

picturesque animal only, I think, when collected into flocks & led by dog & man over the hill side. He is then pastoral & innocent instead of merely silly. The shepherd is admirable; scrutiny of his face shows that his whole mind is absorbed by his flocks, & is probably the unconscious recipient of a good ~~deal of that~~ many queer secrets of earth & air. ~~He is they have played upon him from father to son~~ He inherits his shepherdhood, & handed down from father & son for generations & probably is the nearest approach to a ~~human~~ growing human animal that we in England can produce. He has received the knowledge which ~~son~~ nature bestows on her children only — but as though in fear that they should blab it to the world, she takes away ~~the~~ his power of hammering it to others, or of understanding ~~that it differs from the knowledge of other men~~. How it is unique.

A curious content, which I cannot put into words, comes over me when I reach the top of the down, & lay myself flat on the grass.

Stonehenge

Providence has sent us a very energetic visitor – if not Providence, some power of benevolent intention with regard to our ~~inter~~ education. Hospitality & the motive power of an enthusiastic young man have succeeded in drawing us to Salisbury, & into every nook of the Cathedral – & yesterday again ~~took~~ sent us as far as Stonehenge. To-morrow we are to be huddled to Romsey: the day before, I forgot to say, thanks to a telegram of permission from Lady Pembroke we explored Wilton House & Grounds so thoroughly that our conscience are satisfied. Longford Castle is now really the only 'Sight' that remains: Mr. Norman goes there on Tuesday, – or that, I have no doubt too, would be added to the list of the things we have 'done'. But Stonehenge was ~~in its way~~ a rare accomplishment: ~~an Expedition~~ the a successful Expedition – which is in its way

a delightful & remembrable thing.
Lessa & I drove there, 12 miles, all winding beneath the crest of the downs, with the Avon at our feet. It was, to give a most important setting to the scene, a ~~clear &~~ brilliantly clear ~~-day~~; hot in the sun, fresh in the shadow, & the trees & fields looked ~~living & vivid~~ brisk & vigorous with the light on them. but ~~not at all oppre~~ by no means too hot. At midday therefore we could drive along with no discomfort, & it was a drive which needed open eyes.
Have come to the conclusion that England is a remarkably venerable place; from living in London all the year round one gets to think an old house the earest of things; ~~think~~ we ~~measure~~ ~~how~~ we prize our Kensington Square, our ~~Cowley Street~~ old houses in Holborn — but in the country. the real country. it is ~~exactly~~ ~~the other way round~~ just the opposite. ~~Beautiful old houses~~ manor houses are really

Where there is a large house it is almost certain to be two or three hundred years old — & ~~the farms & Cottages~~ it is ~~the~~ exceptional ~~Rather than the rule~~ to find a hand new farm or Cottage. Country people, one forgets, have none of the reasons ~~we~~ the ~~Cockn~~ townDwellers have for pulling down & rebuilding; so the old houses are allowed to stand as a matter of course, with a little patching & thatching, from one century to another. England therefore is now crusted all over with ancient dwellings; ~~it is ripe & sweet as it were~~ which have grown so much into the earth that they seem part of its produce ~~in no way disfigure it.~~ Every little village we passed through had ~~its~~ some house or Cottage one wanted to look at; & every hamlet, I doubt not, has its little tiny roots ~~well~~ deep ~~be~~ twisted in to the main root of the land — ~~well deeply interesting it one could make~~ investigate it, which ~~is~~ would make an impractical interesting study ~~all of be of infinite interest~~, I know.

HTPL

We came at last – for I must pass here a great deal I pondered in my mind as I went – to the ~~to~~ ~~Cross roads~~ sign post, which ~~were it~~ points to Stonehenge – ~~one mile~~ Our way had been by the River, & enclosed by downs – We now came out on the top of Salisbury plain, & the downs ~~undulated~~ spread without check for miles round us. ~~I was~~ I suddenly looked in front a head, & saw with the start with which one sees in real life something what one's eye has always known in pictures, ~~the~~ the famous circle of Stonehenge. Pictures give one no idea of size; & I had imagined something on a much larger scale. I had ~~pictured~~ thought that the stones were scattered at intervals over a great space of the plain – so that when we ~~drives~~ settled to meet the eidens at 'Stonehenge' I had privately judged doubted ~~whether the~~ meeting place the plan to be for too vague. But really it is a tiny compact little place – the stones might be arranged for instance as they are

now — in the stalls of St James Hall —
But otherwise the pictures had prepared me ~~truthfully~~: fairly truthfully — as to shape & position that is; ~~the whole thing is more~~ I had not realized though that the Stones ~~give such a~~ have such a look of purpose & arrangement; it is a recognizable temple ~~place~~ dwelling of ~~some kind~~, even now.
We promptly sat down with our backs to the sight we had come to see, & began to eat sandwiches: half a hour afterwards we were ready to make our inspection.

The singular, & intoxicating charm of Stonehenge to me, & to most I think, is that no one in the world can tell you anything about it. There are these great blocks of ~~gray~~ stone; they are clearly set in some ~~kind order~~ — ~~&~~ & what more? Who piled them there & when, & for what purpose, no one in the world — I like to repeat my boast — ~~can~~ ~~has the faintest knowledge~~ can tell.

I felt as though I ~~individually~~ had
Even against the stark ~~protesting finger~~ remains of an
Eye I ~~otherwise~~ cannot otherwise conceive;
~~what it means, Heaven only knows: but I~~
~~take it as a blunt they have been~~
~~left over for to serve as token of the~~
~~a sufficiently grim reminder of the~~
a piece of wreckage ~~which has somehow~~
~~been~~ washed up ~~out of~~ from Oblivion.
There are theories I know without end; &
we, naturally, ~~had~~ made a great many fresh, &
indisputable discoveries of our own. The
most attractive, & I suppose most likely ~~est~~, is
that some forgotten people - ~~one can hardly~~
~~call them to sight by any name we know~~
~~now~~, built here a Temple ~~of the Sun~~:
where they worshipped the Sun; there is a
rugged pillar somewhat out side the circle
which exactly whose peak ~~a~~ marks
exactly that point on the ~~horizon~~ rim of the Earth where
the Sun ~~comes~~ rises up in the summer solstice.
And there is a fallen stone in the middle.

Corner & larger than the other hewn rocks it lies among which may have been an altar — ~~did~~ & ~~as~~ the ~~Sun~~ moment the Sun Eosen the Priest of that Savage people slaughtered his victim ~~with~~ here in honour of the Sun God — & later certainly saw the dent of his axe in the stone. ~~But then~~ & set up the pillars through in some other shapes, & we have an entirely fresh picture; & but the thing ~~that most impresses itself on you~~ is the ~~mystery~~ that remains in any mind, whatever you one does, is the ~~&~~ stupendous, mystery of it all. Man has done nothing to change Salisbury plain since these stones were set here; they have seen sunrise & moonrise over those identical swells & ridges for — I know not how many thousand years. I like to think of it; ~~of that England was once the~~ a to imagine those toiling pagans doing honouring ~~this~~ to the very sun now in the sky above me,

& for some perverse reason I find this a far more deeply impressive temple of Religion - block laid to block, & half of them tumbled in ruin ~~on the ground~~ so long that the Earth almost hides them than that perfect spire ~~which~~ ~~where~~ whence prayer & praise is at this very moment ascending.

It is a matter for thought surely, if not for irony, that as one stands on the ruins of Stonehenge one can see ~~the~~ the spires of Salisbury Cathedral

NYPL

The Wilton Carpet Factory.

I was up this morning at six – an autobiographical statement which needs, I feel, some explanation. We had over-night allowed ourselves to dwell long on the pleasures of other hunting, a sport in which none of us had ever taken part – or have yet, for the matter of that. ~~to be educated~~. The hounds were to meet at Wilton at 7 – we agreed in all the fervour of the night before to rise at 6 this morning, & join them. At a quarter to six a dull thud against my door pulled me by the hair as it were out of a kind of delicate & elusive dreams. We have no blinds in this house, & the bright brightness of my room, I suppose, helped to chase away all the doubts & mysteries which might spring over one's brain. I was awake, & in possession of the facts of the case almost at once. Soon I rose, dressed, & hurried downstairs to breakfast. A breakfast which has been laid over

NYPL

night is never an exhilarating meal, but we each had a hot cup of tea, & started.
Now every ~~each~~ time I see what early morning is like I vow it is the rarest & fairest part of the day – in one sense it is certainly the rarest.
One feels I suppose abnormally spiritual when one has vanquished ~~the~~ ones fleshly longing for sleep, & thus the ~~result~~ prize of your struggle – these extra hours of daylight – wear a peculiarly aetherial aspect which somehow reflects ~~credit on you~~ makes you appear creditable in fr. our eyes.
We stepped along the road, as light as stags; ~~we sniffed in the fragrance we felt absurdly fresh &~~ as though we had left our gross bodies in bed, & were ~~altogether~~ in a more spiritual nature than the night before. Indeed the early morning is lovely once in a way: I like to feel that I am fr. in harmony with nature: going forth into the fields when her creatures are waking, & ~~already~~ the strange life ~~day~~ life

of the tillers of the ground has already begun. I saw for instance some ~~labourers~~ harvesters working in the among the corn; they looked ~~as though~~ at us with the stout of wildbeasts surprised - they were so entirely ~~at~~ one ~~absorbed~~ ~~by~~ with the spirit of the fields.

But it is of Capet manufacturing that I am going to write. The Otter hounds, naturally, put off their meet: the first man we met told us the ~~natural~~ inevitable news: we had to enjoy the morning for 2 hours therefore before breakfast - which was sleepy work

After that we had to go to Wilton House - ~~which I s.~~ & having disposed of that, the notion of seeing the Wilton Carpet factory crossed our minds. Providence, or again that power which takes our education to heart, arranged matters in a surprisingly ~~the way in which~~ convenient way — Wednesday

NYPL

It chanced was the one day in the week ~~when~~ on which ~~you can enter so over~~ the factory is open to visitors. Wilton, is the last place one thinks likely to hold a factory; its airs tastes unpolluted by any smoke save that of snug domestic hearths, & its streets are surely the quietest in England. ~~But only a few yards from Wilton in one of the big streets of Wilton we came to~~

But nevertheless there is a factory - of a kind. It has little likeness ~~to the~~ I imagine to the factories of Birmingham & Manchester. We entered by a door which looked like the entrance to ~~an inn~~ the stables of an inn, & found ourselves in a courtyard, ~~round which~~ ~~one~~ which again looked very much like the courtyard of an old-fashioned ~~hotel~~ posting house. The building round it on low & ramshackle; there is no hum of machinery, no bustle ~~& clang~~ of workpeople: I expected to be led ~~through~~ on to some

further, & more imposing buildings. But instead our guide – a wrinkled old countryman. ~~took us into~~ through opened a door on the left: we were in the factory. It was a long low room; like one of the long rooms in a mill; down the middle there was suspended a wooden cylinder; & ~~which was~~ round which ~~was~~ were stretched the ~~foundation~~ strings which make the foundation of a carpet. Girls were seated ~~both~~ ~~one~~ on one side of this twisting coloured thread ~~between~~ round the strings with most dexterous fingers; ~~then~~ they then beat them down to ~~t~~ on top of the ~~already~~ work already done with a metal ~~claw like~~ cont ~~instrument~~ Above them was pinned & the design of the carpet – but I remain quite unable to understand how they ~~carried this out~~ ~~read this~~ carried this out – as they did without hesitation – or how it resolved in the very elaborate pattern which

was woven into the finished ~~carpet~~ work.
The benches were by no means crowded;
but the girls that were there worked
hard enough, & in silence. ~~They did not~~ Their faces were not
unhappy; merely pre-occupied but they had
all of them - the youngest was ~~ten~~ twelve I suppose -
the pale pre occupied look of people
who sit long hours over hard work, ~~from~~
which their attention can never stray for;
though the depths of the mind are exercised.
We went through two or three rooms
of this kind - all of them low & badly
lighted, & with no modern machinery or
furniture. The look of the whole place
indeed was dirty & ramshackle, &
obsolete; our guide ~~explained~~ made it
clear to us that this is indeed the case:
Wilton ~~carpets~~ no longer makes Wilton
carpets - ~~but has approx~~ Axminster's
carpets are its principal product - &
these it is evident are slowly being
superseded. All their work is done by hand -

machines were started, but not enough work was demanded to make them pay, & the power room is now shut up.

We left then; nor will the Wilton carpet factories remain open ~~for~~ to the public for many years to come.

Romsey Abbey.

The last of the sights within reach has been accomplished - Romsey Abbey, that is. It is a solid spacious place - only looking too ~~scoured~~ thoroughly scrubbed & scoured to be entirely satisfactory. It is, our guide says, the finest Norman church extant, but it is a jumble of styles: restorers too have laid their cloven hoof upon it; it is a bewildering place to be let loose in, as I was, with an ignorant mind. First I had an idea that it is Romsey Abbey was a disused ruin; an image partly painted from Tintern I think, of ivied arches & mossy pillars standing un-roofed in the open air, like the ribs of a wrecked ship, was in my mind, & this perfectly preserved place put me in such confusion at first that I could not collect any other impressions. Then it has the look of a place but recently restored - after the original pattern no doubt:

the stone ~~to~~ ~~is all~~ might have been quarried yesterday. Then, again, ~~it is curiously~~ the atmosphere of the place is curiously profane — ~~using the word as the~~ The side aisles have been turned into museums, where wooden models of the original Abbey are shown, & relics — such as a dead nun's hair & a scrap of the old altar cloth — are framed & glazed. There is moreover a singular heap of rubbish, against one of the walls — ~~lead of~~ gargoyles & chippings off pillars & all kinds of fragments — piled there without attempt ~~to arrange them~~ at arrangement, ~~& looking remarkably untidy~~. nor do I know whence they come or to what use they are to be put. ~~They give the church an air of~~ They strike one as somehow irreverent — a rubbish heap of saints heads, & ~~pious sculptures~~ pious stone, ~~one pious enough doubtless~~ — which ought to be given decent burial or put to some proper use. The church is very bare; there are but one or two monuments in the

whole of it, & ~~the~~ stained what stained glass there is is very new & thin in colour. Most of the windows though are plain glass - like those in Salisbury Cathedral - & it is partly this perhaps that gives the ~~secular~~ Church its secular air. You dont want sober daylight in a Church; it is too cynical & uncompromising; stained glass, as rich as you can make it, is essential to religion. But sacred or not, the Romsey is a fine place: Milton might have written it, ~~in~~ stone.

Life in the fields

For some ~~day~~ time I have not had occasion it seems to me, to open this book. We have fallen into the routine of Country life, & ~~day passes day~~ the days are undistinct. It is in this kind of swoon, in which the body goes through its operations - the ~~food~~ mouth takes in food, & the hair to some extent acts - that the country men & women pass their days - the Squire & his lady I mean. I would fain believe that our lives are somehow regulated by the sun - that we rise near dawn, & sleep in the midday, & toil in the fields all through the light, till dark comes & closes our eyes - ~~the~~ But this is a picturesque falsehood. The sun rises & makes all my room bright - but leaves me unmoved - the sun sets & I am reading the newspaper ~~in the~~ by lamplight. The inventor of lamps freed us from the tyranny of the sun - But in another

sense. We have become absorbed by the spirit of Nature, let us say — ~~There is~~ a vast quantity of it is distilled by these ~~endless~~ fields & downs: we inhale it peacefully. We become a great deal more dependent, I observe, upon the shades of heat & cold — of cloudlessness & rain. These accidents now ~~alter our~~ decide our days for us. We spend so much of our time out of doors too, that we become sensitive to the various changes of temperature & aspect which mark the different hours of the day. If I lived here much longer I should get to understand the wonderful ever & swell & fall of the land. It is like some vast living thing, & all its insects & animals, save man, are exquisitely in time with it. If you lie on the earth somewhere you hear a sound like a vast vast breath, as though it were the very inspiration of Earth herself — & all the living things on her

Stonehenge again.

We have had singular good fortune in our Expeditions; & our two visits to Stonehenge have impressed such pictures on my mind as I never wish to be obliterated.

We made a second Expedition today - the 5th of September: but Expedition is a hateful word; I would rather call it pilgrimage. because in truth we went in all reverence & with a pure desire to enjoy ~~h~~ ourselves. ~~Ben~~ A day spent ~~in~~ happily in the open air, counts, I am sure 'whatever Gods there be' as ~~very~~ worship: ~~I know no words of~~ the air is a temple ~~which purges one of one's sins. in which every moment one is falling to one on one's knees in praise where one says one's prayers - with unbent knee indeed,~~ & to in which one is purged of one's sins

We drove ~~&~~ over the Downs, instead of by the road - a straighter, & more interesting way. We saw nobody at all - it was a

showery morning - which however, entirely justified the trust we put in it. We passed only those few men & women ~~who~~ to whom the ~~outdoor air & the fields~~ openness of the fields is as natural as the enclosure of my room is to me. ~~Thomas Hardy, in a book I have just read, & remarks on the~~ On the plain itself the only people we passed were shepherds: they drift about in the wide space with their flocks, ~~in~~ just as though they were in the Bible; ~~in~~ they take advantage of this wet weather too. ~~they wear long cloaks~~ to add ~~just~~ one bold stroke to their appearance which, I as an artist would hesitate to introduce; I should be half afraid of over picturesqueness: they wear long black cloaks reaching down to their heels, ~~like the overcoat~~ & flapping in capes round the shoulders; in one hand too they grasp a real shepherd's staff. You may

actually see one of these figures lying on his elbow, wrapped in his cloak wrapped round him, his dog lolling his out his tongue beside him. & his flock grazing all round.

At the Farm where we put up, we had the rare experience of managing entirely for ourselves - & if you want to feel a fool try to do for yourself what you have always paid a servant to do for you. I have always thought that grooms were an uneducated race - but ~~a groom would - most justifiably - have~~ would ~~to~~ they might have truthfully laughed at me today. I never feel so helpless as when ~~beaten~~ unable to ~~manage~~ make material facts go the way I want; everybody ought to know how to un harness a horse - lead him to his stable - fasten him there - & provide him with corn without a moments doubt. Otherwise not only the whole ~~&~~ race of grooms but of horses likewise is for the time your superior

But it was done - & we lunched - & we walked across to Stonehenge, & sat down within the ~~to~~ Circle. Our choice of a day gave us the whole place to ourselves. The solitary policeman whose strange lot in life it is to ~~guard the~~ ~~his~~ mount guard over Stonehenge had taken shelter behind one of his charges - the apoplectic sheep who can imitate a standing motor car which is still palpitating to perfection. We were grazing outside the Circle, & as far as ~~one~~ we could see we had not only Stonehenge, but the whole ocean or plain entirely to ourselves. One can imagine that why this spot was chosen by the Druids - or whoever they were - ~~to~~ to build for their Temple to the Sun.

It ~~has a look of being extraordinarily close to naked to the Sun~~ It lies very naked to the Sun - It is a kind of altar made of ~~of plain~~ earth ~~of~~ on which the whole world might do sacrifice

NYPL

The beginning of the Storm

It is easier to write to night than to sleep. A wind which has been playing about all day, suddenly goes to work in dead earnest. It is battering at my windows ~~pinning them~~ pressing them as tight ~~as~~ against the frame as possible, & then swerving aside so that the ~~w~~ pane released from its pressure rattles loose ~~again~~. The wind has a wonderful compass of voices. You can hear it running up & down the scale as it swells in force & dies away. But this is a ~~very~~ ~~fairly~~ very full bodied ~~wind~~ tempestuous wind, not one of those that sing high & dreamily without much change of key.

NYPL

Country Reading

It must be confessed that that boast of reading in the country has not been altogether fulfilled. I was not really happy in my choice of books - & I have brought some which ~~I know~~ no compulsion will drive me to open while we are here. I have read though, one or two that pleased me - Rodrick Hudson to begin with - That is a book which reminds me of an infinitely fine pencil drawing; it lacks colour, it lacks outline, but it is full of exquisite drawing, as an artist would say - & the slightest stroke, for me, has its meaning. You dont get any of that spontaneous & un-~~conscious~~ reflecting pleasure out of ~~this book~~ it that ~~the~~ you get out of the great books ~~you get~~. ~~the books that create something like life~~, but you get a marvellous amount of reasoned enjoyment. It is the enjoyment of the intellectual palate tickled by something fine & rare. ~~the~~ you read

be a little of an Epicure
~~something called 'culture' to appreciate~~
see how very fine & rare it is. ~~It~~
~~would make no impression on nine people~~
~~out of ten~~ But this isn't an altogether
satisfactory style of art. Next came
Hardy - Fess of the D'Urbervilles. ~~At any rate~~
~~this is very different~~. which is ~~divided~~
~~by worked on a very different plan~~ —
of ~~in a~~ very different ~~style~~ type. He has taken a
grim subject - & stuck to it till the bitter
end. It is, ~~for feel, a novel~~ written ~~with~~
~~almost savage determination~~; the ~~to~~
~~the~~ illustrate a ~~certain~~ with the
~~purpose of showing the brutal injustice~~
of ~~certain~~ purpose of showing how a
girl may be as pure as snow. &
do the things that women may not do -
how in spite of her purity of the judgment of
a brutal world descends upon her - ~~drives~~ her
~~to~~ murd. ruins her life, & sends her to the
gallows. All this is set forth with a

almost savage ~~determination~~ insistence. the writer ~~wants to~~ is so utterly determined that we shall see the ~~brutality~~ ~~unnatural~~ brutality ~~of the present st~~ of certain social conventions that he ~~is inclined~~ tends to spoil his novel as a novel. Tess & Clare & D'Urbervilles ~~represent~~ have to represent types, & rather lose their individual features. But it is an impressive bit of work - & many things in it are purely admirable - & Joan Durbeyfield for instance - the Dairy maids at the Farm - & Hardy is one of the few writers who can bring the fresh air into their books. His Country is solid. ~~But~~ ~~But again~~ ~~The Clare family is a mistake~~

I read here too, Boswell's Hebrides - which has fired me to read all I can find of Johnson. That is the concept I wonder for making such a book as this?

Boswell apparently sat up at night - fuddled with wine as likely as not - a

wrote down word for word the saying that had dropped from Johnson's lips during the day. Many people could do this - a ~~publish them~~ have done it - but without success. ~~Boswell somehow manages to.~~ ~~Their~~ The result is invariably a succession of bald & disconnected sentiments which might have been dropped by an eagle or a mummy. Boswell somehow manages to cut out a whole ~~junk~~ chunk of the earth & air & stick it ab alive under a glass case for us to come & see.

NYPL

The Storm

I said something about the wind — the night afterwards it rose indeed, till we had the treat of watching a real gale at work. Much though we talk of our weather & its vicissitudes, we seldom get anything really out of the way in England. There are seldom great thunder storms. Great ~~wind~~ ~~so~~ deluges, or real gales. But the other night we went beyond our usual limits; it was a storm & no mistake about it. It rose so quickly that before we thought about it our shutters were banging, & ~~&~~ in our little drawing room after dinner we felt in a state of siege. The walls ~~withstood~~ were withstanding great pressure; & though we sat inside in still air the strain was perceptible. It was not a gusty wind — that blows & swerves aside; it was a high roaring wind all on the same key, & at the same pitch.

NYPL

It never loosened its grasp — It would have been impossible for anyone to go out of doors — one thought of those who were on the roads tonight with honest pity. By ~~12~~ midnight — we went to bed late knowing that sleep under such conditions would not be easy — one ~~could~~ looked out of the window & saw the moon stationary but all between it & the earth in a state of violent motion — clouds pelting along — & the trees writhing. ~~The sound was of a One feet like riding in a ship in a storm~~ The noise all the time was considerable — first the steady roar of the wind itself — then a countless bangs & slamms ~~as~~ & ~~creaks~~ rattles, as though all the doors & windows were being tested, & wrenched open & slammed shut again — & every new gain there was another sound — a crack ~~as~~ audible above the ~~rest~~ tumult,

followed by on one occasion by an alarming assault upon our window panes. as though something hard had stricken them - We saw that they were un-broken - fastened our shutters again - & went to bed

This went on through the night - when we woke the storm was passed, & it was bright ~~day~~ daylight. But it had done its work in the night - ~~The front of our house was ripped~~ The whole place looked dishevelled: the front of our house was ripped of its creepers - the road was strewn with branches & leaves - the hedges & the flower beds were beaten flat - But it had done more than this. ~~Great trees had been plucked like so many The trees themselves had~~ It had rooted out the very trees.

A great sycamore ~~elm~~, weighted with foliage had ~~simply toppled down~~ gone down before it ~~not been able to stand against it. it had come down.~~ & had fallen right across our lawn, & crushing

a ~~fre~~ wooden paling beneath it.
That was the first thing we saw — but when we went outside our gates we found that there was ruin everywhere. Fifteen trees nearly round our house were uprooted, & almost every tree had a great gash down itsside where a branch had been ~~wrenched~~ torn off. The worst damage though was done in the Lombardy Poplar avenue; this is one of the most beautiful things about here — the trees are very tall, & legular, & ~~of the~~ a ~~lovely silver gray colour~~. Silver in stem & silver in leaf as they are, they make a a kind of silver arch ~~of exquisite grace & delicacy~~ now five ~~of these lay~~ flat the avenue & five of the great trees lay flat bridging the river at their side. ~~They had~~ there were gaps in the perfect succession of
For such tall & stately trees they have exhaustively little grip on the earth: their roots seemed only to ~~p~~ be a few feet deep, so that they had ~~tope~~ fallen over with ~~a~~ very little rending of the earth at their base.

All along the Wilton road there were fallen trees – fallen branches – ~~[illegible]~~ & bricks from the wall. By afternoon men were at work sawing up the larger trees to & putting them on carts, while the smaller branches were being plundered by children & old women with wheelbarrows to serve for winter firing –

The newspapers are now in, with a good many columns devoted to the 'great Storm' In truth, it did a good nights work – ~~it blew away life, & it smashed pier & harbours~~. It smashed Dover pier for instance, & blew away 70,000 pounds worth of good gold – Every town almost ~~has some lost something in the gale~~ – woke to find some ~~building~~ house or spire gone – & for many men & women over England ~~that night was the~~ last never saw the ~~light of~~ day after that night. Never a ~~gale~~ ~~storm~~ storm comes – never do thunder & lightning wake me in the night. but some life, as, unwitting as mine is ended. There are many families today

who will never forget as I shall do so soon
the stormy night of September the tenth.

NYPL

Wilton Fair.

Aad I had time a full acount, reaching to several pages of my best script should have preserved my memory of this our last entertainment. Nothing that I have seen since we came here has been so characteristic I feel of the this part of the world. But I have let time slip, & must not for the sake of that truth which I make my aim here, attempt much in the way of description.

I remember though that our drive the day before, Friday 11th, took us on to the Downs, & we ~~were~~ observed the ~~commotion~~ an unusual commotion ~~which~~ among the population of flocks.

The shepherd was in his best coat, they were all attended by shepherds - in their best Sunday clothes - & dogs too, who looked ~~unusually~~ a more than usually alert. Some were driven into their pens to feed, others were being hounded out - but the

greater part of the flocks were ~~a~~ marching along the road, all with their noses turned in the same direction. We met drove after drove, so closely packed in the lane that we wondered how on earth we were to pass. The shepherd whistled his dog, shouted something unintelligible to us, but qui at once understood by the dog, who clove a passage for us in an incredibly short time. ~~He~~

~~[illegible] bustling his 2 lly sheep~~ ~~The [illegible]~~

Every now & then we met a drove of calves — & the secret was out when a terrible puffing a head, as of a goods train going at fourty pace, proclaimed a Lactin Engine. There were two of these monsters, some bodyes Steam Circus, it turned out — & these were followed by a whole Caravan of Gipsies. Next day was Wilton fair — These Gipsies harel the country, from fair to fair, all the through the Summer. They are, we were told, the genuine breed, talkers of Romany & all the

NYPL

rest, who under pretence of earning a livelihood at fairs like the respectable world, live their own gipsy life, which is otherwise impossible. I never see a gipsy cart — ~~its with its snug its curtains & bed & snug pretence look of home imitation of a real house while all the time it moves on wheels & is drawn by a horse~~ without longing to be inside it. A house that is rooted to no one spot but can travel ~~the world over as quiet with all its no need~~ to as quickly as you change your mind, ~~in~~ with all its ~~& with no bother of~~ & is complete in itself is surely the most desirable of houses. Our modern house with its cumbersome walls & its foundations planted deep in the ground is nothing better than a prison; ~~Wilton for instance is an oppressive inheritance~~ & more & more prison like does it become the longer we live there & wearing fetters ~~every year~~ of association & sentiment, painful to wear — still more painful to break.

The fair Ash is the greatest sheep fair in this part of the Kingdom. It brings the shepherds from their downs — the farmers from their far away farms — & the country folk from all the villages within a days journey. It is thus a remarkable day in the calendar — a day of social meeting as ~~much~~ well as of business. You could see here a very ~~faces that~~ curious type of face — that of the shepherd who passes his life with his flocks on the down. ~~He is out with them at daybreak, & spend~~ He is far more interesting to observe than his sheep. His face is not coarsened; & yet it is not the face of a man who has mixed with his fellow men. ~~it has retained~~ a it has the face of a middle aged man but it has the freshness & simplicity of a child. The eye is perfectly clear & shrewd; the face is tanned red & brown, & creased with a multitude of fine lines. But this very

NYPL

to see that they have set come there when the eyes are screwed to observe the weather, or the brow is puckered against the wind - & ~~so they~~ have nothing whatever to do with any mental perplexity. His best coat is a relic of a more festive age, when ~~men dr were not ashamed~~ & is a rich chestnut, or plum coloured, grown mellow with years; he wears corduroy breeches, a large felt hat, & he grasps a staff in his hand high up near the top. A more typically English figure. Imagine it would be hard to find than this Wiltshire down shepherd.

Out of the Windows

The last night here has come - is almost fulfilled. I have but to put my head on the pillow - I sep. & wake tomorrow within 3 hours of London - The journey is not to be measured by its miles; it is a a very small journey, but one of great actual & traditional importance to us. ~~When we come back from St Ives.~~ Of old it meant till more; we ended the summer on that day, & I opened ~~our~~ the 9 months in London which were to be in some sort months of lessons & restraint. St Ives was summer & holiday. It can be imagined that a thin was a very serious anniversary. Now it has lost much of its meaning - I find that time goes swifter as one gets older - & is less liable to ~~be~~ fall into cycles according to the place you live in. But still I know that in some way our summer is over. We leave the country till Easter - that is a really sad thought - for this country is beautiful as not country is, & has a

London.

We are back - here I sit in my own room, where I have sat & slept since babyhood almost. It has a new red carpet - otherwise it remains the same, & I would not have it changed. It is shameful to confess that two obstacles hindered any properly sentimental farewell this morning — one was our lunch, devoured in the hall - the other the newspaper which we at read steadily as we sat. There are all manner of excitements - how deep they delve I do not know, but they agitate the surface considerably. Political statements I find are far the hardest to understand, partly I think because the politician as a rule has not studied the art of making his case plain in print. But anyhow there is no use to go into this - What is more to the point here, is that it was a perfect autumn morning - rich & warm

NYPL

a regretful one of the few hot days this summer when we got to London the heat which had room to expand in the country, was stuffy merely: the superficial impression of London was that it was in Dyshabille - sleeping off the fatigue of the season. The people in the street had a curious look of as though they of being only passing through: cabs with boxes were more numerous than cabs without.

A London house feels undeniably small & stuffed after the country - but we shall shake down. Already Netherhampton fades but I hope not yet beyond recall

London (Continued)

London it must be confessed, is like a Lady
whom one surprises ~~before she has completed~~
~~her toilette~~; ~~she~~ is not at her best.
It is vexatious too, to find that the
Summer is ~~[illegible]~~ in full swing; the
only compensation for leaving the Country
at this time of year is ~~that~~ the prospect
of fires & long dark evenings spent
within doors - Evenings lightened perhaps by
the visits of friends, & anyhow made pleasant
in a thousand civilised ways which one misses
in the Country. But fires today
would have been unbearable; in fact we
wore our summer clothes. We walked in
the gardens - where the trees have come down two -
~~I say nothing~~ it not to the credit of the storm
to have knocked ~~down~~ over these decayed old topics -
whose flesh has turned to a brown spongy substance -
while their bark is a mere crust or soot.
The earth which they dug up as they fell is
heaven & dusty looking - Evidently not a nourishing
soil.

NYPL

But the worst of the Kensington Gardens are the people. There is a brood which comes out at these between seasons which is mercifully ~~ob~~ unknown at others. It is not indigenous: there are not Cockneys. It is not upper lower or middle class. I can only imagine that September is the month ~~when~~ ~~which~~ when country people & foreigners choose to visit London; ~~they are evidently wearing their best clothes~~ & ~~have done their best to hide their the pleasant country~~ ~~simplicity which was~~ wok ~~Very likely the~~ A small ~~be~~ boy trotted up to us & began patting Schuster's unresponsive back; we asked if he had a day? Yes he answered at once. I have one to my home — "Where was his home?" In America" — "naturally" & he'd been in England ~~14~~ 2 months & 14 months in Antwerp — & the astonishing child was prepared ~~without the least~~ to give us his whole family history without

NYPL

~~the least~~ hesitation. An English boy of this same age is addressed by strangers, gazes at them for half a minute with a shy smile, & then trots away chuckling to his mother. But he ~~has no~~ ~~makes no attempt to answer for~~ it doesn't seem to occur to him that an answer is expected — The American child, I make no doubt, would have been an appalling bore had one seen much of him — & he had a curiously unchildlike face already —

The Serpentine

The evening paper is always prolific in tragedies & tonights sheet was unusually so. Four young men all in the prime of life have fallen & killed themselves on Scafell — the average number of husbands have murdered their wives while in drink or out of it, & love sick shop girls & maniacs have rushed to their knives & poison pots with unusual frequency. One might easily have sated one's horrid curiosity & passed ~~on~~ without reading a certain insignificant little paragraph at the bottom of the column. 'A suicides pathetic letter' I think they headed it & in my idleness I read. It was by no means an out of the way story & the editor had judged his readers taste judiciously when he allotted his capitals to the, I dare say Garmouth murder. This was printed for lack of something more bloodcurdling.

NYPL

But I read it & it has stuck in my memory so that I can write it here. Yesterday morning then, the ~~early~~ first Parkkeepers saw something afloat in the Serpentine — what it needed little looking to tell. Bodies in the Serpentine are not uncommon in the early morning. They drew it ashore & found that it was a woman who had been drowned & drowned herself presumably she was quite dead, & some hours before. There was nothing to be done but take her to the mortuary & leave her for her relations to identify. Her soaked clothes were taken off, & the pockets searched in case her name or address might be ~~fired~~ there. Very few people go out of the world in silence: almost every dead man or woman who is picked up ~~leaves a~~ has written some word of apology or farewell or justification. The most ~~miserable~~ friendless knows that some one — if only the coroner — will be ~~interested~~ anxious to ~~know~~ learn what drove him to this last step — & it was so in this case. A scrap of paper was found pinned

to the inside of her dress as though she had meant to keep it from the water as long as possible. It was blurred but the writing was still legible. Her last message to the world - whatever its import was short - so short that I can remember it. 'No father, no mother no work' she had written 'May God forgive me for what I have done tonight' ~~She had~~ This was her message ~~written this~~ & no more; name or dwelling place, friend or relation she had none apparently. The Inquest therefore could do nothing but & declare that the body of an unknown woman age about 45 had been found drowned, & that as no relation claimed it it was to have burial at the hands of the parish. Here the newspaper ended — but I could not get the words out of my head. 'No father no mother no work,' & so she ~~had~~ killed herself - Had this been the act & writing of a girl & it would

have been sad enough – but that a woman of 45 should have written ~~thing~~ this ~~before~~ for testament struck me as infinitely sadder. She had had ~~time in~~ her trial in life, time enough in 45 years to make test of all human relationships – daughterhood wifehood, motherhood. Whether she knew these two last was cannot say – happiest for her if she had never known them – ~~at~~ for ~~any rate~~ last night she counted them as nothing. It ~~is~~ was for her father & mother that this middle aged woman yearned — a father & mother, maybe, who died when she was a child. Perhaps this was so & she grew to womanhood without them, & without ~~ever~~ needing them. She became a wife without thought of her parents, a a mother with hardly any memory of her own mother. But her husband leaves her for some other woman, & her children die, or desert her. Then of a sudden come, that pang – Without husband & children, I felt

NYPL

lad parents. If they were alive now I should not be alone. Whatever my sin my father & mother would have given me protection & comfort! For the first time in her life perhaps she weeps for her parents & for the first time knows all that they were, & her loneliness without them. That sorrow I say is bitter enough in youth with the world before one to heal & renew; but in middle age one knows that the loss is one that nothing can heal & no fresh life renew. Your husband may die & you can marry another - your children may die & others may be born to you, but if your father & mother die you have lost something that the longest life can never bring again. It was something of this perhaps that the nameless woman thought before she made up her mind to kill herself. But there was one thing left which might make life endurable - without father or mother or other relation to care if she

lived as did. & that was work. I do not believe that she coupled this word with the sacred ~~ones~~ names of father & mother in ~~any~~ merely material sense — by work she meant bread & butter, but she also meant something nobler.. She had learnt perhaps the self respect & purity that come from work, & the blessed peace with which it deadens sorrow. Before she died then she would try to find work. I do not know where she went in her search; perhaps she came near this very street. But it is & very easy to ~~refuse~~ deny a strange woman work, who ~~looks as though she had slept out all night,~~ & ~~Says she will~~ threatens to kill herself if you ~~dont find her something to do~~ refuse.

~~On that the door in her face, & as relieved when she has hailed off round the corner.~~ At any rate she found no work, ~~& so~~ as one may read in the terror line which water can not efface 'no' father no

mother, no work! What then remained?
There was still one scruple – one tie which
kept her to life; though she had no
home, no friends & no one would give
her work, yet had she any right to lift
the burden God had set upon her shoulders?
She hesitated – but it was very heavy.
She gave way, with one a last appeal
for mercy on her weakness 'May God
forgive me for what I have done tonight'
Then slipping off the weight that had
been too much for her, she sank in
the waters. Whoever she is that
sleeps tonight in a ~~home~~ grave without a
home, may she sleep well as surely
the lived have right to ~~test~~ sleep.

Chance, who not infrequently decides our lives has decreed, there is no doubting it, that ~~this shall be~~ the end of my book shall coincide with our return to London. The first of October wrote J. K.-S. is the natural birth of the year — whatever the calendar says; & so I take it. October begins work a pleasure ~~play~~ drama lifts the curtain on that particular act of our drama which is played in London. Actors may change — their parts may be ~~take~~ different but the sameness of scene gives a certain continuity to the whole, a dogs ~~has~~ in fact ~~a decided practical~~ influence on lives ~~things~~ ~~here~~ to no little extent.